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WARNER ARUNDELL

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.

WARNER ARUNDELL

THE

ADVENTURES OF A CREOLE.

By E. L. JOSEPH,

OF TRINIDAD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LORD BARON GLENELG,

HER MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

MY LORD,

SHOULD your Lordship condescend to honor these Volumes with a perusal, their Author flatters himself they will direct your attention to many abuses in our West Indian Colonial System, which call loudly for correction. The hope of bringing some of them under your notice, has induced me to take the liberty of inscribing this Work to your Lordship.

I have the honor to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

EDWARD L. JOSEPH.

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD,
Aug. 20, 1837.

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INTRODUCTION.

PREVIOUSLY to submitting the following narrative to the reader, it is necessary to inform him that it is taken from a very voluminous manuscript, which partakes of the mixed nature of memoirs, a journal, an autobiography, and a collection of letters and essays. These bore, in their title-page, the following inscription: "The Life, Adventures, and Opinions, of Warner Arundell, Esquire."

The Editor of these volumes thinks it his duty to inform the Public under what circumstances he came into possession of these papers of Mr. Arundell. In giving this information, he prefers speaking of himself in the first person singular, rather

than assuming the right of Editors and Kings,—viz. to talk of themselves in the plural number.

Amongst a thousand and one literary projects which I had formed, one was to write a history of the war of the independence of Columbia, Mexico, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres. When I designed this Work, I considered more what ought to be done than what I was able to accomplish. The paucity of materials for compiling a good account of this most momentous occurrence, renders it necessary for him who would undertake to become the historian of this important revolution, to visit all the principal cities on the great South American continent; in order to inspect such few scattered records as were preserved during this most sanguinary civil war, and to consult with all the surviving chiefs who figured in the contest, whether living in the New World or in Europe. To do this required leisure

and a fortune, neither of which I possessed. Hence, I was obliged to abandon my project—certainly for the present, probably for ever.

During my various and generally fruitless attempts to obtain materials for my projected history, a friend suggested that, as Mr. Warner Arundell had spent some years on the Main, during a most interesting period of the wars of Columbia, he might be able to give me some information on the subject; especially as it was known that Mr. Arundell had of late commenced journalising.

My acquaintance with the Gentleman who is the hero of these volumes, commenced twenty years since. I first met him in London, in the house of Don Louis Mendez. After this, I became his companion during a remarkable voyage across the Atlantic, recorded in the second volume of this Work. We separated on our

arrival in Trinidad, and did not meet again for some years: subsequently we both were residents of this colony; but, living far from each other, we seldom met.

During this residence of Mr. Arundell in Trinidad, he was the subject of a most disgraceful persecution. He left the island, but returned in a few months, possessed of a very large fortune, and here married a most amiable and lovely Spanish creole.

But, notwithstanding our old acquaintance, I applied to him for the information I required with some reluctance; for, although I was one of those who refused to join in the frantic and disgraceful hue-and-cry against him, yet fortune had placed us in very different situations. He was in the possession of great wealth; I, after many years' residence here, was in an humble situation. But I still took the resolution of waiting on him. I sent my name to him: he came to me. The instant I beheld him,

I perceived I had wronged him by my diffidence. He did not receive me as some rich men meet an old acquaintance, who has been subject to harsh treatment from fortune. No; he took my hand as that of an old friend, who had dared to defend him when he was assailed by calumny.

In Mr. Warner Arundell I perceived a man who had been proud in adversity, unbending when suffering under persecution, but affable and amiable in prosperity; one who endeavoured to forget injuries, and sincerely forgave insults, although he possessed "the memory of the heart," as gratitude has been beautifully denominated.

On making him acquainted with the cause of my visit, he immediately offered to put me in possession of that part of his journal which related to his adventures in the patriot camp: and he informed me, that, by looking through his papers, amongst a load of dross I might find some ore, from

which useful metal might be extracted. He, however, added,—

"I fear you will not have the phlegm to inspect all my papers."

"Never doubt that," was my reply; "I have had perseverance to read through the whole of Abbé Raynal's historical romance."

"That," said my friend, "was rather a trial on your credulity than on your patience: my voluminous manuscripts will put your application to a much severer test."

On my persisting to request that he would allow me to read his manuscripts, he took from a chest a mass of papers of truly alarming bulk and weight. They consisted of *thirteen hundred and seventy-eight sheets of foolscap,* closely written; to compile which, he had employed the leisure time of some years.

Lest the reader should wonder what

there was in the life of this worthy Gentleman that required so much time and paper to record its incidents and reflections, I must explain, that he possessed a most powerful memory. Every thing he had heard, seen, read, or thought, he seemed to recollect, when compiling his voluminous manuscripts. For example, he opens his journal with an account of the first settlement of his family in the West Indies. This induces him to give a history of the Bucaniers, and an immense number of anecdotes of all the old families in the West Indies; with a vast variety of traditional stories, which relate to the Arundells, and the descendants of Sir Thomas Warner, the first English governor of St. Christopher's, who was his maternal ancestor. In short, the part of the narrative which I have abridged into the first short chapter of the first volume, takes up so much space in his manuscripts, that, if it were printed

verbatim, it would be equal in length to the whole of that volume.

In the progress of his Work he gives the whole history of the two Maroon wars in Jamaica; an account of the rise, progress, and termination of the wars in the West Indies consequent on the French revolution: he carefully transcribes every letter that he ever received or wrote, and all remarkable conversations that he ever heard: he gives his thoughts on a vast variety of subjects, and relieves the narrative with all kinds of essays on various matters which came within the scope of his observation; such as, on the mode of education in Caraccas; on militia training; on naval and military affairs; on medical education in London; on the practice of physic in the West Indies, &c. In short, his voluminous journal embraces a number of treatises, which, however unfit they may be to publish in an autobiography, I may one day print,

under the title of the 'Arundell Papers;' as this Gentleman has given up his Work to me for my own advantage.

But I anticipate. I kept the papers of Mr. Arundell until I abandoned all idea of writing my projected history. I then returned them. At the same time I informed the worthy autobiographer, that, if he would take the trouble of extracting from his MSS. that which might not be improperly denominated the personal narrative, it would form a moral, and, I believed, a not uninteresting production.

"Have you," said he, "any inclination to make the abridgement yourself? it will be an easier task than to write history, and, during the present age of light reading, a more direct road to fame."

I at first declined this proposition, saying that he might get others to do more justice to his papers. To this he replied, that I was the only person he had met with in the

colonies who shewed a disposition to pursue literature as a profession; and that, if he sent his manuscript to England, its bulk would frighten any Publisher or Editor. Perhaps a few scattered essays might find their way into the periodicals of the day, or a few stories would be trimmed and dressed up by literary caterers for the monthly appetites of readers of magazines; these same purveyors being so utterly ignorant of West India manners, feeling, and even climate, that the most egregious blunders would be introduced into every paragraph. In short, Mr. Arundell prevailed on me to undertake the task which I had suggested to him.

I really believe that his motive for urging me to become the Editor of his production was, that he hoped its publication would be productive of profit to me. This, with a delicacy of feeling which has always characterised him, he never mentioned.

One condition alone he attached to the leave he gave me to publish a part of his journal: it was, that whenever I wrote of living persons, or of those recently dead, I should, instead of real, use fictitious names or initials.

The above statement will account, if not apologise, for many defects in this production. When the reader observes some parts of these volumes too much abridged, and others too much extended, he will please to take into consideration the difficulty one has to encounter who attempts to condense into three small volumes the substance of a manuscript closely written on more than three reams of foolscap.

Amongst the many errors in this Work, I throw myself on the mercy of the reader for one class in particular. Mr. Arundell's papers are full of those peculiarities of language which may not improperly be called 'creolisms.' My wish has been to expunge

these, and substitute English words; or, if the story required the creole words to be retained, I have endeavoured to explain them, either in the text or by notes. But, having myself resided for nearly twenty years in the colonies, it is very probable that I have unwittingly copied into these volumes many expressions which will be scarcely understood on the other side of the Atlantic, without having given the necessary information. For this I entreat the indulgence of the liberal. It is difficult to live many years in a country without contracting some of the peculiarities of its dialect or idiom.

I have now a few words to address, not to the English Public in general, but to my fellow Colonists in particular. Not having used the real name of a single person now alive in these islands, should any one on this side of the Atlantic perceive, amongst the numerous pen-and-ink sketches con-

tained in this Work, any delineation which should strike him as having an ugly resemblance to himself, let him not make me accountable for caricaturing him. All I have done has been to select a few out of many of Mr. Arundell's sketches, reduce them to a moderate size, erase the names they bore, substitute other appellations, and fit them for their frames.

After this declaration, I hope no one will give himself the unnecessary trouble of calling on me for *satisfaction* for any remarks contained in the following pages: for, although I was once silly enough to make a voyage to Lospatos,* to give a young Gentleman, as the term goes, *satisfaction*,—that is to say, to stand up while he twice fired at me,—I have, thank Hea-

* A small island, situated in the Gulf of Paria, between Trinidad and the Main, where duels used frequently to take place. See the 7th chapter of the second volume of this Work.

ven, lived to see the folly and wickedness of fighting duels to satisfy the caprice of any one. I have now reached the age of forty; a time of life when a man's fighting days, as well as his dancing days, ought to be over — unless he be a soldier or a dancing-master.

WARNER ARUNDELL:

THE

ADVENTURES OF A CREOLE.

CHAPTER I.

" England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."
COWPER.

THE whole of the passengers of the Tickler remained two days in Falmouth, to recruit after our voyage, as well as to see the few lions of the place, and to visit the surrounding country. The greatest sights of Cornwall lie below its surface; but, being neither a geologist nor mineralogist, the tin and lead mines were *beneath* my notice.

We hired two post-chaises, in which we went to London. I found myself, during my journey, in a new world: the climate; the lofty houses, with glass windows, and chimneys; the immense

population; the total absence of black, coloured, and Indian people; the rosy looks of the women, so different from the languid and lily complexions of my fair countrywomen; the ruddy appearance of the children; the masculine, and often corpulent, figures of the gentlemen; the clownish aspect of the country people, with their smock-frocks, worsted stockings, and ponderous lace-boots; the immense size and fatness of the horned cattle; the noble figures of the horses; the sheep, clad in thick woolly coats, so different from the light hairy jackets in which Nature has arrayed the sheep of the Caribbean Islands; the endless variety of the costume of all the people I met, so different from the eternal white jackets and trousers of the Antilles; the dissimilarity of the feathered tribe; the absence of the palms of a tropical climate, and the total difference of all vegetable nature — for not a tree, shrub, fruit, legume, leaf, flower, nor even blade of grass, was exactly like aught I ever before beheld,—all, all I saw made me feel as though I was transported into another planet. True, I had seen most objects I looked on, delineated in wretched pictures; but these gave me about as good an idea of what I was a spectator of, as the miserable images we see on China cups give us of the Celestial Empire: for, excepting a few portraits,

I scarcely saw a good painting in the West Indies. The only pictures popular in the Antilles, are those of the King of Spain in profile, delineated on an ounce of gold or silver, commonly called doubloons and dollars.

The first part of our journey lay through the sterile-looking hills and plains of Cornwall; afterwards, the appearance of the country ameliorated. Towns, villages, farms, and cottages, sprang up before my eyes in endless variety. True it is, that, in England, I looked in vain for the noble mountains and deep valleys of the West Indies, or the more stupendous scenery of South America; but, instead, I viewed a country rendered pre-eminently beautiful by cultivation, where every hut and rustic gate seemed to me to be placed to increase the picturesque effect of the landscape. Cowper has said, that

"God made the country, but man made the town."

After my long residence in Caraccas, I did not think the poet's opinion was correct with regard to England; for, wherever I looked at the country through which I passed, I beheld the natural beauty altered by the art of man. He who is wishful of beholding the works of the Creator in all their solemn magnificence, should visit the mountains and savannahs of Columbia.

When we stopped at an inn to refresh, or lodge for the night, the extreme neatness and comfort of all that could render our stay agreeable, were, to me, remarkable. The civility of the host and hostess, the activity and intelligence of the servants, delighted me: this at once shewed that I was in a land of freedom, where the exciting hope of gain stimulates men and women to exertion ten times more arduous than the fear of the scourge of slavery. In the West Indies there are not many inns and taverns, and fewer good ones: there, as well as in private houses, the black and brown domestics move about as little as they can help. Every trifling office you want a West Indian servant to perform, must be repeatedly, and often peremptorily ordered, before it is done—if it ever be done: here, the waiters, and well-called servants of all-work, seemed to anticipate your wants, and, before you can ask for a thing, it is at your command. In the West Indies, a servant drawls about the house as though locomotion is painful to him; while the English domestic talks, acts, and runs, as though he were doing it for a wager against time. The free servant of Great Britain works five times as hard as the slave of the West Indies; for the energies of the latter are weighed down by bondage. I am aware some will say that the

indolence of the slave is caused by the climate; yet, how is the following fact to be accounted for—viz. at a negro ball, the sable dancers use thrice as much exertion, and continue thrice as long, as any set of dancers in England? Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the climate, a negro sportsman, when engaged in a pedestrian hunt in Trinidad, uses violent efforts from which an English fox-hunter would shrink. The fact is, our bondsman, unless it is for himself, works like a slave—that is to say, most indolently: when he diverts himself, he feels, for the moment, that he is free. By looking at the very slave's walk, one acquainted with them knows if they are walking on their master's business, or their own.

As the post-chaise drew near the capital, I was confused at meeting an immense crowd of vehicles of all descriptions,—from the light tandem, with its slender bloods, to the ponderous waggon, with its long train of burly cattle; from the splendid carriage of the nobleman, to the high-piled cart of the farmer. As we entered the town, I was absolutely rendered giddy by the opulence and grandeur of the shops, the thronging of the population, and the deafening noise; while the smoky atmosphere, unlike aught I ever before beheld, weighed down my spirits.

On entering London, I took leave of all my fellow-passengers with mutual good wishes, save Dr. Grey. He invited me to remain with him a few days at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, until, by the advice of himself, and such friends as my letters of introduction could procure me, I should resolve where to fix my residence during the time I was obtaining my medical education.

The doctor had not been in London two days before he met with an old fellow-student and correspondent, named Molesworth, who was in extensive practice as a physician in the west end of the town. He had been the preceptor to several medical students from the West Indies, and, many years since, knew my father. After introducing me to him, Dr. Grey proposed to place me under the tutelage of his old fellow-student; to which Dr. Molesworth made no objection. We agreed that I should become a resident in the doctor's house during the prosecution of my studies; and I arranged to pay him 150*l.* per annum for my board and lodging. He promised to assist me in my studies, to take me with him occasionally when he visited his patients, and allow me the use of his valuable medical library.

The next day I removed from the Tavistock Hotel to the doctor's house in Bedford Square: I

sent to the West India Docks and obtained my luggage, and found myself comfortably located with Dr. Molesworth, an excellent physician, but an avaricious man.

After this, Dr. Grey set out to all the medical springs and baths in England, to clear his inward and outward man from the accumulated maladies obtained during thirty years' residence between the tropics,—a usual practice with old retired West Indians. At Cheltenham, the doctor fell in love with, and married, one of the water-nymphs of the place: she had long been looking for a suitable match. The lady verified the old proverb about the " gray mare," &c. This was not to be wondered at: at the time when the doctor wanted an old nurse he married a young wife. A year after his marriage he died, and she inherited his hard-accumulated property: three months after, the lady married Ensign O'Donnehoo, of some marching regiment.

As few or no West Indians have ever given an account of England, I will, for the information of such of my fellow-colonists as have never crossed the Atlantic, subjoin my recollection of the impressions which England in general, and London in particular, made on me. I wish not to alarm my creole readers by heading the following desultory paragraphs, ' *The Domestic*

Manners of the English;' I would rather they should consider it as

A Creole's Notions of 'Home.'

Amongst the first things which struck me in England, was the brief speech and rapid pronunciation of all orders of people, save those who are, or affect to be, taught the *haut-ton*. It would not please the Bond Street loungers, or the dancers at Almack's, to be told that, when they lengthen their words, and speak in that drawling tone which is, or at least was, fashionable when I was in London, they merely imitate the lower orders of people in the Caribbean Islands; yet such is the fact.

Let two creoles, of the humbler classes of society, meet in the West Indies, and something like the following dialogue ensues. Each word is lengthened as though the parties spoke by musical notes, and each syllable were a breve.

"How you do, my body?"

"Pretty well, thank you, old fellow; how yourself?"

"Well, thank you; how your family do?"

"All quite well—only Samuel, Daniel, Jonathan, and Jacob, have the fever every night; but their health is good, for all that."

"Thank you; but how is your negro boy, that have *mal' d'estomac?*"

"He is dead, thank you, body."

And so they continue the conversation for about twenty minutes. But in London, two persons of the lower order of society meet: each nods to the other when they are about eight yards off; one says, "How do?" the other does not reply, but says, "How do *you* do?" By this time a few rapid steps brings them together (for all in London walk as though they did it for a wager): one says, "Fine weather;" the other replies, "Yes; only a little foggy, rainy, and cold." By this time the parties have passed each other, and each turns his head round, so that his chin rests on his shoulder, to continue the peripatetic discourse; yet disdaining to lose time by stopping — like two vessels passing each other on opposite tacks, and asking their respective longitudes, without heaving to. "Any news?" says one; "Nothing strange," says the other; "Good-bye," calls one; "Good-day," replies the other. Both nod like Chinese mandarins; at the same time, they look one way and walk the other, until each runs against another passenger in the crowded street.

Should a West Indian ask his way to Cornhill of a passenger in London, he gets for answer,

"Turn to your right, and then take the second to your left; take the third to the left, and follow your nose along Fleet Street, and any fool will shew you the way."

This is said so quickly that the informant leaves the stranger to doubt if he ought to turn at first to the right or to the left. But let an Englishman ask his way in the West Indies, and the following dialogue is likely to ensue.

"Can you tell me the way to Mr. Muscovadoe's estate?"

"What, sir! don't you know the way to Mr. Muscovadoe's?"

"No; or I would not ask it."

"You must really be a stranger."

"I am a stranger; but will you please to direct me?"

"Why, let me see — do you know the Dry River?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, it's not there." After a pause, your guide adds, "But you'll cross it, hearee (do you hear)? and when you get to Cane Garden, you'll strike across the pasture, till you come chock against the fence; then keep up to windward,*

* Eastward and westward is called windward and leeward, on account of the trade-winds. Creoles are remarkably fond of maritime phrases.

till you meet up with the bottom of the valley; you'll then cross the gully, and, when you get to the cock-pit, any nigger will shew you Mr. Muscovadoe's estate."

The fact is, he first ascertains that you are a stranger, and then gives you such directions as none but a native can comprehend.

In the West Indies, most persons shew a desire to know how their neighbours get on; in England, people are too much occupied with their own business to think about that of another. This may be attributed to the small communities in the colonies, and the vast population of the mother country: yet, with all allowance for these, the coldness of Englishmen respecting the concerns of their neighbours struck me as a remarkably general trait. A friend of mine, a retired West Indian, who lived some years at the Hummums, Covent Garden, told me an anecdote, which strongly coincided with my conclusion. It ran thus: —

Two gentlemen were in the habit, for some years, of dining in adjoining boxes at that tavern. After three years, by dint of rubbing their elbows against each other, they became so intimate as to nod, as they passed to go into their respective boxes. At the end of five years, they used to exchange brief "how d'ye do's?" but, although

they, every day for seven years, dined at the same hour next to each other, they were never known to dine together, nor were ever seen to shake hands. How different is this from the continual shaking of hands in the West Indies!

The following fact I can speak of from my own knowledge. I once, in company with Dr. Molesworth, visited an old gentleman who lived in Bloomsbury Square: he sent for the doctor to consult him, he being slightly indisposed. The doctor, among other questions, asked how he slept the preceding night. "Very badly," was the reply. "I was kept awake by a racket in the next house. I don't know the cause of this merry-making of my neighbour; I never knew the family to have any noisy party at their house before."

Now, the fact was this: the old gentleman had lived for thirty years beside his neighbour without being intimate with him or his family; and the merry-making which kept him awake was caused by the marriage of his next-door neighbour's only daughter.

In the West Indies, I often read of Old English hospitality: I suppose this term meant the hospitality of England in days of old, for the English of the present time do not seem to understand the meaning of the word. I certainly

did meet with some hospitality in London, but it was in the apartments of retired West Indians. These were generally located in and about Sloane Street; they generally live in pairs, unless the parties have families. I always knew where to find them by these signs:—They generally have a pair of green parrots hanging out of the parlour window, and a monkey chained down the area; have the doors and windows carefully lined with list, and a black porter or lackey to open the door. When introduced to them, I found in the room of audience a sideboard, laid out in the West Indian style,—with much glass, and little plate; large glass candle-shades, a huge sangaree-bowl, with an open bottle or two of madeira—for, in general, West Indians do not decant their wine. One or both of the hosts lay swinging in a cotton hammock, from which they scarcely rose to receive their visitors, who were desired to help themselves, or to call for what they wanted.

If two persons in the West Indies live on terms of intimacy, the parties never think of giving each other an invitation to dinner, unless the inviter entertains a party, as an invitation would be thought too formal. A friend is expected to drop in at meal-times, and partake of

what is going on; to announce his intention of taking coffee or soup with his friend,—that is to say, coming to breakfast or dinner with him: this he does with as little ceremony as he asks for a pinch of snuff. All this is necessarily different in England: none there thinks of inviting himself to take coffee or soup with any one; and, as to an invitation, he who visits a friend in England on the strength of one of them, will find the party too formal to be hospitable.

One practice at dinner in England I must protest against: an invited guest is not allowed to do as he pleases. I felt this as a great annoyance, after being used to the free-and-easy tables of the Caribbean Islands. At every formal party I was at in London, I was pestered beyond my patience to partake of things which were my aversion, after having satisfied my appetite with viands that I liked. The worst of all this was, that, while the host and his family were persecuting me, in order to make me cram as much into my stomach as though it were a cotton-pack, the parties absolutely conceived they were exercising politeness and hospitality.

Nothing astonished me in England more than the frequency of the repasts. In the West Indies two meals in twenty-four hours is all we

think of; in England they consume four solid repasts per day, and a good supper at night.

Notwithstanding our abundance of turtle; the endless variety and delicacy of fish; the venison-like taste of our lean, but delicious mutton; the abundance and good quality of poultry in the colonies,—yet the *matériel* of the kitchen in England is infinitely superior to that of a West Indian "cook-room:" but I think the cookery of the West Indies much superior to that of England. I have dined in houses that sported first-rate French artists, but thought their compounds beyond comparison inferior to those of the black and brown cooks of the West, whose culinary system is a kind of composite order between the solid Doric dishes of the British, and the Corinthian cookery of their Gallic neighbours.

The few words employed in business in England is astonishing. In London, two merchants will negociate the sale of a West Indiaman, with her whole cargo, in less time and with fewer words than a storekeeper on our side of the Atlantic would take to sell a demijean of rum. This brevity is so remarkable, that mercantile business is more rapidly transacted in England than in any other country on earth. A merchant in one of the Antilles wrote a most elaborate and "lengthy" epistle to a London

house, and received for answer a letter running thus:—

"SIR,

"WRITE shorter letters, and draw for your money.

"Your obedient," &c.

When a West Indian wishes to express that any business is set about, he says it is on the carpet; an Englishman says it is on the anvil. The latter certainly uses all his energies to strike while the iron is hot.

This brevity in transacting business is carried into English courts of law. When a wigless colonial lawyer is retained, it is expected, whether the cause in which he is engaged will admit of a speech or not, that he will make one, to shew that he merits his fee, to gratify his client, and to amuse the party-coloured auditors who always loiter about a West Indian court of law, who are as fond of hearing suits determined as were the Athenians of old. With the perriwig-pated fellows of Westminster Hall the case is different: when nothing need be said, or nothing can be said, the English lawyer wisely holds his tongue. Eloquence in Westminster Hall may be used to support argument, but the judges there

would frown most awfully on any one who should presume to use oratory for the mere purpose of earning his fee, or of amusing the bystanders.

The apparent want of charity in the people of England often shocked me. In the West Indies, it rarely happens that any one complains of hunger; when it does, the wants of the unfortunate are promptly supplied. If application be made to the house of the opulent for succour, the distressed man is sent into the kitchen, or a small table is laid out for him in an out-house; if the party appealed to be of the humble order of society, he is generally asked into the hall,* and such provision as the house affords is given to him.

Often have I witnessed acts of benevolence from persons in the colonies, who have a multitude of sins for their charity to cover. Many a wretched white man, when attacked at one and the same time by poverty and the yellow fever, has been succoured by poor mulatto women of the most unfortunate and degraded description; many a houseless white has been nursed into health by those women, or decently buried by them, although the names even of the parties

* In the West Indies, the hall is the main room of the house; or, what is called in England, the parlour. In London, the word is generally applied to the vestibule.

in whose behalf their humanity has been exerted were unknown to them. It is remarkable that this has been the common practice of poor mulatto women since the earliest days of colonisation in this part of the world, as we learn from the oldest Spanish historians of these islands. In the Antilles, even the poor slave allows no child of want to solicit in vain, while he has the power of relieving him. Often have I seen sailors who had lost their way up a West India colony, or who had been turned adrift for misconduct—often have I seen such feeding out of the calabash of the poor negroes.

When white men become incorrigibly bad, and are deserted by all, they skulk about the negro village of a plantation, and are maintained by the slaves.

Having witnessed the above general benevolence of the Caribbean Islands, I was frequently shocked in England at beholding the indigent solicit in vain the cold hand of charity. Much of this apparent hardness of heart is, doubtless, owing to the poor-laws, and to the number of impostors which a dense population always possesses, who are ready to abuse and deceive benevolence; yet, amongst the many fortunes that were wrecked during my too brief sojourn in England, I never heard of one that

was ruined by charity. I know that political economy condemns the giving of alms and relieving of wants, as injurious to society; but, thank God! I am not a political economist.

I more than once witnessed a greasy well-fed magistrate bully and abuse a parcel of houseless wretches, who had violated the vagrant-law; in other words, had committed the sin of being miserably poor. I felt as pleased with the well-fed reprover of poverty as I suppose an Englishman would feel, on his first arrival in the colonies, at beholding a negro-driver, with his cart-whip, persuading a slave to work faster by means of the *argumentum a posteriori*.

That the English are not wanting in public charity appears by the fact of the existence of an immense number of noble public institutions, in which all kinds of calamities are relieved, and to where the unfortunate of all descriptions can retire. The hospitals of London bear glorious testimony of national benevolence, and, I hope, call down blessings on that "province covered with houses."

Often, when viewing those magnificent receptacles for the maimed and worn-out defenders of their country at Greenwich and Chelsea, I felt the justness of the observation of a foreigner,

who, alluding to the wretched-looking palace at St. James's, and the splendour of the hospitals for decayed seamen and soldiers, said, that the English lodge their kings in a hospital, and their beggars in palaces.

The women in England are, in general, beautiful. The great advantages they possess over the fair of the Antilles is in having countenances more expressive and animated, and complexions more beautifully variegated. Nothing can exceed the transparent skin of the women of England; and the mingled white and red shewing through it, like the delicate tints of well-painted porcelain appearing through the glaze which art gives it, while the blue veins being visible, render the whole so lovely, that it can be compared to nothing so aptly as the fleecy pods of new-opened cotton, wet with the sparkling dews of morning.

The complexions of creole ladies, of unmixed European descent, are fair as lilies; but the rose is seldom reflected on their countenances. Their lips are well formed, but want the ruby die of fair Englishwomen. Their lack of expression and animation is owing, doubtless, to their sedentary habits and retired manners: that the climate alone cannot account for. This is proved by

the fact, that no women on earth have more animated and expressive visages than women of colour.

The women of the Caribbean Isles do not, in general, carry the folly of tight-lacing to the pitch that it is enforced in England; hence, their *tournure* is often better, and consumptions less common among them. I know, a waist pinched in like an hour-glass is, in England, thought a beauty; so is a crippled foot in China, a flattened forehead amongst the Cariabs, and a tattooed face amongst most savages.

The Creator made women of the most lovely form: what a mixture of folly and presumption it is to attempt to alter that which came perfect from His hands!

The eyes of the fair creoles are fully as beautiful as those of Englishwomen: the former are languishing and indicative of benevolence; the latter, animated, lively, and expressive of every emotion of their active minds.

The women of England—and, from what I have seen, those of France—may learn one thing of creoles: that is, to walk. The French ladies trip as though they walked on sharp pebbles; the English fair marches with the long pace of a light-infantry man; the creoles walk gracefully.

From the pictures I had seen of John Bull, I was led to believe that all Englishmen had that deformity of the abdomen called a corporation: this is not the case in general; although I think, if Englishmen were less stout, they would look less clumsy.

One of the first things that struck me in viewing the people "at home," was their extraordinary cleanliness. This, in the houses of the great, did not astonish me; although the extreme neatness of every article of furniture, every domestic utensil, and all the servants, both in and out of livery, enhanced considerably the luxury by which I was surrounded, during a few visits I paid to the great. The very stable of an English gentleman, and the cow-house of an English farmer, shew the peculiar neatness of the people. But what most surprised and gratified me, was the scrupulous regard to cleanliness which the poor evinced. During my medical studies, I visited the indigent sick; and yet I could have eat off the well-scoured floor, on which lay a flock bed supporting the patient. Often have I observed, with pleasure, a poor woman with four children taking the air, on a Sunday, in the Park: the dresses of the whole were not worth half so much as a single massive gold button, two pair of which a negress com-

monly wears in her sleeve; and yet the patched and repatched habiliments were as clean as wedding garments.

I was much edified by attending public worship in various churches of the metropolis. The unostentatious devotion of the congregations, and the eloquence of the preachers, gratified me; but I felt as a drawback the wretched screeching and hissing of

"Sternhold's creeping lays;"

or the Psalms done into English by Tait and Brady, which the parish-clerks call—"singing to the praise and glory of God." I would advise some of the churches to send to Antigua for negro Methodists, who would form a much better choir than those they possess.

Being a stranger, I, of course, went to see all the stone lions of the town. I am no judge of architecture; but most of the buildings in London appeared to denote that their erectors bestowed more labour than taste on their works. From this censure I, of course, except Westminster Abbey, Somerset House; the noble piles of Wren, Inigo Jones, Gibbs; and the glorious bridges which span the noble Thames. The English display more genius in constructing bridges, docks, arsenals, hospitals, and ships-of-

war, than in raising palaces, public offices, and churches.

I shall not attempt to describe my emotion the first time I saw a play in London. True it is, I had witnessed a dramatic representation, or misrepresentation, in the West Indies; but these were amateur performances. Some of the amateurs possessed abilities; but ridicule was thrown on the whole attempt by the ladies' characters being acted by young men. Let the reader, if he can, conceive a tall youth of twenty, playing Lady Randolph ('Douglas,' by the by, is a favourite amongst amateurs)! The young man will not consent to lose his whiskers: he therefore endeavours to conceal them under the lappets of his cap; and, ever and anon, as he turns his head, his "favourites" peep out. Conceive a person so situated acting the part of Lady Randolph, and, with a full tenor voice, address Anna (represented by a tall, dunning clerk), and saying to the said Anna,—

——"I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords."

or let the reader suppose he witnesses the exhibition of Otway's 'Orphan,' the part of the tender Monimia enacted by a short, squat lad, with a woolly head, a mask of paint over his dark face,

and a pair of large ear-rings suspended by thread from his unbored ears; suppose such a youth, wishing to be pathetic, exclaiming, with the voice of a bull-calf,—

"Why was I born with all my sex's softness?"

Let the gentle or simple reader suppose all this, and he will form a faint conception of a West India dramatic exhibition, and have a fainter idea what my feelings were at beholding the supernatural or preternatural 'Macbeth' of Shakespeare, while Kemble and his still more illustrious sister, played the principal characters.

Unused as I was to theatrical display, the accuracy of the scenery, the shadowy way in which the witches performed their incantations, and the picturesque appearance of the plaided warriors, delighted me. But when I heard Macbeth deliver the immortal air-drawn dagger soliloquy; when I saw his daring lady tempting him to blood, like an incarnate fiend; when I witnessed the confusion of the guilty pair after the murder of their sovereign; and, above all, when I beheld the conscience-haunted sleep-walker, endeavouring to wash from her hands the "damned spot,"—I quailed with horror, and yet, at the same time, felt intense delight. This is a

paradox which I shall not attempt to solve: the pleasure resulting from beholding a sublime tragedy, well acted, has often been attempted to be explained, but without success.

I must add, that the after-piece appeared to please "the million," better than the masterpiece of Shakespeare, supported by the talent of Siddons and Kemble; for the latter was sustained by greater performers, viz. a stud of horses.

I had read, both in the West Indies and in England, of the open immorality practised in the colonies. The censures, although a little overdrawn, were true in the main; but, after perusing them, in the simplicity of my heart I conceived that the morals of England were pure as the unsunned snow of the climate. This error was removed on my entering the saloon of a London theatre. I will venture to say, that the profligacy I there beheld shocked me more than any Englishman was ever shocked by contemplating any scene of libertinism in our part of the world.

Creoles in general are well pleased with themselves, and consequently pleased with all around them. If a calamity happen to him, he persuades himself that it was caused by no fault of his, and that another year will amend the misfortune. The next year, in the West Indies, has

become proverbial; the next year is to redress all grievances, and to compensate for all losses: but the "next year" of the creole, like the "to-morrow" of the debtor, never arrives. The fact is, hope is the consolation of mankind in general, but it is often the evil genius of the creole. He passively hopes for the best at the time he should actively prepare for the worst. Such being the failing of my compatriots, I could not but be forcibly struck with the countless number of croakers I met with in England. The creole air-castle builder is less prudent than the English grumbler, but not a whit less wise. During every war for the last two hundred years, our West India colonies suffered cruelly. Provisions were, at times, so dear in the colonies, that wheaten loaves were often too expensive to be seen on the tables of the most opulent; and the mass of the people were obliged to live on the crude vegetables of the islands. But the creoles who suffered such privations consoled each other by saying, the times would change, and that flour would be at two dollars a-barrel "next year;" while, at the same time, if an English operative was deprived of the slightest article of consumption, which we in the colonies consider as luxuries, he would be ready to rise in rebellion at the call of the first "man of the people"

who should propose to attack the Tower or plunder the Bank.

The disposition to grumbling is not confined to the lower orders; but the pleasure of the well-educated croakers in England consists in pretending to be miserable, and in the amiable endeavour to make others as unhappy as they wish to appear. When I first came to England, the long wars afforded sufficient themes for croaking: when I left it, the well-informed croakers were predicting all sorts of misfortunes, because many persons were using their best endeavours to educate the lower classes of society. They prophesied that national schools would become national evils; that, as the humble ranks of society became well-informed, they would become discontented; that all people would cease to obey the laws when all could read them, and a revolution would be the consequence. I regretted to hear this; because I came from places where the labouring classes are illiterate, and I have beheld the evils resulting from the want of letters among the cultivators of the soil, the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Those who fear that education will cause a revolution, know nothing of history, or treat it as an old almanack. Were the furious outbreakings, during the middle ages in France, which

were called *Jacqueries*, caused by the diffusion of useful knowledge? Were the riots of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade brought about by national schools, or the want of them? To come nearer our own times — was the frenzy of the Parisian mobs, during the Reign of Terror, caused by its members being too well instructed? No, no; the rising of "the great unwashed" has often been occasioned by want and oppression — more often by their ignorance, being misled by artful demagogues: but never did men rise, never will men rise in revolt because the schoolmaster is abroad: rebellion, generally, is the child of ignorance. The insidious harangue of the factious orator is never more dangerous than when addressed to an illiterate mob.

That venerable monarch, George III., wished that every one of his subjects had a Bible, and were able to read it: a more benevolent wish was never expressed by any prince; a wiser saying was never recorded of any king since the days of Solomon.

One of the many things which astonished me in England, was the want of geographical information that pervaded all ranks of society. Great Britain rules one-fourth of the globe in all parts of the world; she possesses colonies; her merchandise and manufactories supply every mart;

her ships crowd every sea; her travellers penetrate every inhabited and uninhabited country: and yet the English, in general, know as much of geography as a mole knows of longitude. The ignorance I complain of was often taken advantage of by the writers on both sides of the controversy, during the long agitation of the question of colonial slavery.

Some years since, a book was published, purporting to be a description of the West Indies, which placed Trinidad in the Gulf of Mexico. This geographical blunder, and twenty others equally gross, passed unobserved, although the book was reviewed by most of the principal periodicals of the day. Repeatedly, in the House of Commons, the most finished orators have talked of "the Island of Demerara;" and I myself heard a senator of some celebrity say, "he hoped to see the day when the negroes in the West Indies would peaceably *enjoy their own firesides!*" Talk of a people enjoying their firesides in a climate where, in the month of January, the mercury stands at 92° in the shade! there is fever in the very thought. I could, if I chose, write a whole volume on the subject of the ridiculous geographical blunders which I heard people in England make.

Such are the impressions made on me by

English society: I describe them with some diffidence, because I know from experience how easily a stranger is led to make erroneous conclusions. I have often laughed at the ridiculous mistakes that tourists have made in the West Indies.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
* * * * *
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

SCOTT.

"I at last their miseries viewed
In that vile garret, which I cannot paint."

CRABBE.

HAVING taken up much time to relate what I thought in London, it is now time to tell what I did.

On the sailing of the first West Indian packet after my arrival, I wrote to my brother Rodney, but received no answer by the return of the packet. Months elapsed, and no reply arrived. I wrote again and again, but no answer came. At length I thought the family slighted me, and I wrote no more. My letters were intercepted: the reader shall be informed, in due time, how this occurred.

Every quarter I received a brief letter from Messrs. Keen and Leech, enclosing a bill of exchange for 62*l.* 10*s.* on Messrs. Sucker and Sons, Fenchurch Street, at ninety days' sight, which was duly honoured.

I became a pupil of Dr. Molesworth, attending with him whenever he had an extraordinary case, and I could find time. Occasionally I took instructions from his apothecary in the *materia medica*. I lost no time, but attended Brooks's, Carpue's, and Bell's lectures: I walked the Middlesex Hospital, and became dresser to one of the principal surgeons; studied chemistry and botany; read every book on medicine which Dr. Molesworth recommended. My knowledge of Latin and French served me much in this respect. In short, I displayed assiduity to gain a knowledge of my profession as a surgeon; for the gentlemen of Warwick Lane refuse to grant a diploma to any one who has not washed his hands in the Cam or Isis. However, I cared little about this, because I intended to practise in the West Indies, where the obsolete distinction between physician and surgeon is little attended to: both branches there, as they ought to be every where else, are practised by the same person.

As the progress I made in my medical studies can have little interest to the general reader, I

will pass over them, and merely state, that my application was noticed and praised by all whose lectures I attended.

Nothing worth relating occurred until January 1815; when, during one miserable foggy and snowy day, which is peculiarly unpleasant to a native of the torrid zone, I went into a hairdresser's shop in Warwick Street, Golden Square, to get my hair trimmed. The operator and his assistant were both employed; I was, therefore, obliged to wait until one of them was disengaged. The barber observing, by my blowing my fingers, that I was disagreeably affected by the cold, asked me to go into his back room, where there was a fire. I agreed to this proposition, and went in, took a seat before the grate, and warmed myself, until the hairdresser despatched his customers. On looking round me, I saw on a side-table a body of the most beautiful hair I ever beheld. It was of a light-brown colour, most elegantly curled, more than six feet in length, and of the most silky texture I ever touched.

The man of the shop, having finished with his other customers, came to me. He was a short dapper man, with a deep pock-marked countenance, which looked as though it had been sculptured with a rough chisel out of a cask of tallow: and yet his pale crumpet-looking features

had the traits of good-nature and intelligence so plainly written on them, that, ungainly as they were, they seemed any thing but disagreeable. Real good-humour can throw a pleasant expression into an ugly visage.

" You seem, sir, to enjoy the fire; you don't like cold," said he.

I replied, that a clear frosty day was tolerable, because I could brace myself with exercise; but that I hated the foggy weather of his climate.

" Perceive, sir, you are a foreigner?"

" Not exactly: I am a West Indian."

" Bless me, sir! you are a West Indian, and yet you are as fair as any Englishman! I thought you natives of the West Indies were *molotoes* (mulattoes)."

I smiled at the man's mistake; which, however, is common in England, where most persons conceive mulattoes the pure descendants of whites, rendered dark by being born in a torrid climate.

" You would prefer, perhaps, that I should cut your hair here, to sitting in the cold shop?"

I consented to this suggestion; and, with that despatch remarkable to the tradesmen of London, he tied a napkin round my neck, and commenced reducing my superfluous hair.

" You don't have your hair cut too close:

I would advise you against that, for one who possesses so fine a head of flaxen locks."

I told him to operate as he chose.

"There, sir, you shew your good sense: leave the matter to me, and I'll set off your head to the best advantage. A young man's prospects are often influenced by his hairdresser: nothing conduces so much to improve the appearance of a youth, as having his locks skilfully trimmed; it gives him a prepossessing appearance, which often does him good service. A handsome look, sir, is often more valuable to a young gentleman than half a fortune. Having the head well trimmed on the outside, does a youth sometimes more service than having it well lined with brains. I see, sir, you wince as the cold scissors touch your neck: always know a man from a warm country by that, sir. There, sir, I think that will do. You look admirably, although I say it that should not say it, inasmuch as I contributed to your good looks with my own hands and scissors."

I peeped into a small mirror, and expressed myself satisfied, for the man had really performed his operation well and quickly. I gave him a shilling.

"Here, sir, is your change," said the man of the scissors; and he tendered me sixpence.

" Never mind the change," said I.

" Bless me! I would not mind it were you a few years older; but, sir, sixpence is my price, and I could not think of taking more of a youth than I charge a man."

Perceiving I still neglected the change, he added,—

" Well, sir, as you choose; but I'll give you a piece of advice which will, perhaps, be worth more than sixpence. Never offer a tradesman double what he asks, because he pays a compliment to your appearance. Excuse me, sir,—ha, ha, ha!"

I thanked the man for his advice, which was not bad, considering I paid for it. The loquacious barber perceived I fixed my eyes on the hair I have spoken of: he said,—

" Fine hair, sir: I have been in the trade, man and boy, thirty years, and never saw any article so beautiful. It is the colour of your hair, only half-a-dozen shades darker. It is lovely, and it belonged to as lovely a young woman as ever I saw. She is, like yourself, from foreign parts, because she has a blackamoor woman as her servant. Poor young lady! I gave her, last week, twice as much as it was worth in trade, because she appeared in distress: she took the money with a tear in her eye, which she tried to

conceal. I got anxious to find out who she was, and sent my boy, Bill,—a 'cute lad, sir,—to follow her: she went to a butcher and a baker, where she bought some provision, which her tawny servant carried. Bill then followed them to a back alley in Swallow Street, where she lives. Bill asked all about her, and found she is the wife of a poor sick officer, and mother of three children. The good creature sold her beautiful hair to satisfy the hunger of her sick husband, and famishing babes — God 'bless her! Why, love you, sir, you have a tear in your eye! You need not hide it: you should be ashamed of selfish tears, because they are unmanly; but the tears that are shed for the distress of another do us honour."

"Will you allow your boy," asked I, "to shew me where this lady lives?"

"That I will," replied the worthy trimmer of hair; "and the more willingly because I believe your visit will be one of benevolence."

He called his boy, and bid him shew me where the distressed family resided. He took him aside ere we left the shop, and I heard him say to the boy in a whisper,—

"Now, Bill, if he offers you any thing, don't accept it, and I'll give you what he wants you to take."

I took leave of the kind barber, and followed

his lad about four hundred yards: he took me up a dark alley.

"This is the house," said the boy; "you will find the family in the garret."

Up I went; but, before I got to the first landing-place, I paused to recollect what I was about. Affected by the story told by the barber, I resolved, in the first impulse of my feelings, to relieve the distress of the family. I possessed the means of doing this, having just returned from the city with my quarter's allowance in my pocket. But, would my visit be well taken? The husband of the lady was an officer in the army, and might resent that as an insult which I meant as an act of kindness. I recollected that the husband was sick, and I resolved to introduce myself as a medical student, and to beg permission to prescribe for the gentleman. Approving of this thought, I ascended, and knocked at the door of the garret.

"Come in," said a faint voice.

I lifted the latch, and a sight struck my eyes which astonished me.

The garret had no covering but the tiles of the house; the light was admitted through a single window, a leaden lattice, which held green and knotted panes of glass, some broken, and mended with paper. Through this window was

seen a vast mass of roofs of houses, thickly covered with the discoloured snow of London; in a small grate lingered the embers of a nearly extinct fire: an ancient table, with two old-fashioned chairs, were the only articles of furniture in the room. Against one of the rafters hung a tarnished and worn uniform of a lieutenant of infantry; and beside the wall was a letter-holder, full of those vouchers of poverty, pawnbrokers' duplicates. In one corner of the room crouched a mulattoe, with a blanket over her: she seemed to try in vain to keep herself warm. As I entered, she rose, and I at once recognised her to be my old friend, Lucy. On a flock-bed in a corner reposed my fellow-passenger, Rivers, with two children by his side: the three were covered by a military great coat. The father was so worn by misery, that, had I not known Lucy, I should not have recognised him; beside his bed sat his beautiful wife—for beautiful she was, despite her wretchedness. Although famine had thrown his pallid hue over her cheek, she supported an infant in her arms; her dress bore marks of faded gentility. Grim poverty seemed to pervade the cold room.

"Massa Warner!" screamed Lucy; and, after a second, the distressed couple both exclaimed, "Mr. Arundell!"

I knelt to embrace my old friend; after which I exclaimed, looking round me, "Good God! Captain Rivers——" and checked myself.

"I understand you, Mr. Arundell—you are shocked at our wretchedness: and, truly, these are not splendid apartments for the lieutenant in his majesty's army—the heir-presumptive of a large estate; nor is this furniture suitable to the rank of the daughter of a colonel. But what brought you here? I thought indigence concealed me from all my acquaintance."

I stammered out something, not very coherent, about my coming to visit a person I heard was sick, in order to improve my medical studies.

"Arundell," said he, grasping my hand, "you are a worthy young man; but be advised by me—never attempt a falsehood. Nay, I meant no offence. Never attempt dissimulation; for, practise it as you will, your countenance is too honest for you to become an adept in it. So, Amelia, our young friend, who saved our eldest boy, has paid us a visit to try his hand at doctoring on me: like P. P. the parish clerk, to bleed adventures he not, except on the poor. But, whatever brought you here, I am happy—most happy—to see you."

"Mr. Warner could have no other motives in visiting us but those of kindness; he is, there-

fore, welcome," said the lady, extending her hand; which I took. "Here, Robert; here is your old acquaintance, who shot Jumbee. Nay, don't cry so; the gentleman is a friend."

But the poor child wept on; and the other two joined him, despite their mother's attempt to quiet them. Their's was not the mere weeping of infancy; it was the wailing of famine. Each cry reverberated in the hearts of the father and mother. Most agonising to the ears of the parents are the cries of the children for food, when the latter cannot satisfy the cravings of their offspring!

"How are you, Lucy?" said I.

"Pretty miserable, Massa Warner; hope you are the same."

"You seem weak, Lucy. I hope you are not sick?"

"No, massa; only a little weak and cold. This country cold for true; and every body heart cold like the country. I have no other sick (sickness) but hunger."

"That is a disease I can easily remedy. Rise, if you are able, and get something to eat for yourself; and order some coals up instantly—I am perishing with cold."

I put a guinea into her hand. She understood my meaning, which was to send her for

something to satisfy the cravings of the starving family, without offending the lieutenant or his wife.

"Blessings on your good heart, Massa Warner! I just tell missis, God Almighty go send him angel to help us; and him send what is more better than angel—him send a kind young man to relieve us, and feed the starving children," said poor Lucy, bursting into tears.

I hurried her out of the room, and, on the landing, gave her directions what she should procure for the immediate use of the hapless family.

"Arundell, this is most kind," said Rivers, grasping my hand with all the strength that sickness left him—his felt deadly cold; "but I shall never be able to pay you. The poor half-pay of a lieutenant scarcely supports us when I am in health; and now disease has reduced us to this state of misery. For the last week I have been subsisting on my poor Amelia's hair; and, just before you came in, she talked of selling her teeth to a dentist."

I endeavoured to divert the melancholy conversation by inquiring after his malady. This I found to be an inveterate tertian fever. Under pretence of getting some medicine, I stepped out and purchased a bottle of port wine. On my

return, I found that Lucy had been most expeditious: she had procured ready-dressed provisions and fuel. In no place can all these be obtained so readily as in London—for money; but without it, a man stands a greater chance of famishing in Fleet Market than on the rock of Sombrero, or in the wilds of South America.

The children and Lucy ate so ravenously that I was obliged to interpose. The lieutenant and his lady ate more sparingly. I, however, caused them to partake of a little wine; and Rivers explained the cause of his present misfortune.

Previously to my acquaintance with him, he had been captured by the French, and sent to Cayenne. In the same prison with him was a colonel and his daughter, his present wife, whom he married; a chaplain of an English regiment, also a prisoner, performing the ceremony. Shortly after this, Cayenne was taken by the English. His father-in-law was sent home, and, subsequently, to Ceylon. Rivers remained in the West Indies, until ordered to England in 1812. On his arrival, his father was mortally offended at his marriage, because he maintained an old grudge against the father of his wife: he would not speak to him.

Rivers, having nothing to depend upon but

his sword and his ensign's commission, joined his regiment in Spain; his affectionate wife following him; and her old slave Lucy took service in a West India family. Three years' hard fighting, and two wounds, got him promoted to the rank of a lieutenant. At the peace, in 1814, he was put on half pay. His father now sent for him, and made the following shameful proposal: viz., as he was married in a French prison by a clergyman now dead, without the necessary formalities being observed, the father told him, if he would take advantage of those circumstances, and deny the validity of his marriage, he would give the lieutenant 10,000*l.*, and settle an annuity on the lady. Rivers would not listen for one moment to a proposition so infamous, and upbraided his father in no measured terms. The old man's wrath knew no bounds: he bought up all his son's debts, and caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison. His wife sold all her little trinkets to free her husband; and even Lucy (who had rejoined them) added her savings. He got out of gaol, but was attacked by a tedious malady. The expenses occasioned by this reduced them to their present misery.

I remained with Rivers long after night set in, and then trod my way through the snow, to

my apartments at Dr. Molesworth's. The next day, as I left my residence to visit Rivers, I met the celebrated Dr. Baillie. He had repeatedly seen me with Dr. Molesworth, and was condescending enough to pay me some attention.

"Have you," said he, "ever seen a case of *Chorea Sancti Viti?*"

I replied in the negative.

"If you have nothing better to do, step into my carriage, and I'll shew you a most extraordinary case."

I told the doctor I had a patient of my own to visit.

"You a patient!" said the doctor, good-humouredly. "What, not being duly qualified, you are going to kill without a license! This is downright poaching upon our manor."

"I am," replied I, "acting under peculiar circumstances."

"I have little time," rejoined the doctor, "to listen to peculiar circumstances, in this cold weather, at the door of my carriage. I am going towards St. James's Square; if your patient lives in that direction, take a ride with me."

I entered the carriage, and begged him to take Swallow Street in his way. This he ordered the coachman to do.

Seated in the coach, he asked me about my

patient. I, as briefly as I could, related how I became acquainted with Rivers, and in what state I found him and his family yesterday. The doctor seemed interested in the story, and asked me how I intended to treat the sick man. I said that I had ordered him to take a dose of antimony, combined with the submuriate of mercury; and that, if the medicine operated well, I intended to administer alternate doses of solution of arsenic and Peruvian bark.

"Not a bad method of treating a tertian," said the doctor; "but will you suffer me to act as your consulting doctor?"

To this humane and condescending proposition of the physician of royalty, I, of course, consented; and, in a few minutes, we were at the entrance of the alley in which lived the lieutenant: the doctor readily mounted to the garret with me.

Rivers was surprised, and seemed rather chagrined, at receiving a visit from Dr. Baillie, whom, however, he did not know; but the doctor's kind inquiries soon dispelled the cloud from his brow. His displeasure, doubtless, arose from being seen under such indigent circumstances. After inquiring into the patient's symptoms, he gave me directions, in Latin, how I was to treat him; begged that I would visit him at

his house in the afternoon, and left me with Rivers.

After the doctor went, I could not but observe what an air of cheerfulness the trifling sum I had given Lucy had diffused around the miserable garret. Rivers inquired who the kind physician was whom I had brought to see him? I told him, and then went to a neighbouring apothecary, where I got the medicines recommended by the doctor. The lieutenant's disease, which had never been well treated, soon gave way to the remedies recommended by the great Baillie.

On visiting the doctor in the evening, he, after inquiring how the lieutenant got on, addressed me thus:

"Look you, Mr. Arundell, just before I saw you this morning, I visited a hypochondriacal peer — one of those who, for ever,

——'The doctor tease
To name the nameless, ever new disease.'

Vexed at being sent for to treat an imaginary complaint, when I had more patients really sick than I could attend, his lordship perceived my impatience, and was offended. I left him: he sent his valet after me with a note, which informed me that he would dispense with my future visits; but it enclosed a check on his

banker for fifty pounds. As I dislike pocketing fees from people who are not sick, I resolved to give the money to some charity. Now, Mr. Arundell, I will thank you to give or send to your poor friend the fifty pounds, without letting him know from whom it comes."

I consented to aid the doctor's act of benevolence, and sent the money by a man belonging to Middlesex Infirmary. I enclosed it in a letter, and made a fellow-student write the address, lest Rivers should know my hand-writing.

The next day I visited my patient: he challenged me with having sent the money to him. I pledged my honour that the money had never been mine. He asked me if I would declare that I did not know who sent it. I declined answering. He rightly guessed whence it came. He said he would not accept it; but that he felt himself so much better, that he would receive it as a loan, being convinced that he should be able to repay it in a short time.

In a week or two he was so far advanced in convalescence, that he was enabled to employ himself copying drawings for a picture-shop in Rathbone Place. The emoluments he received for his labour were but trifling; but they helped him to eke out the slender income of a half-pay lieutenant. He removed to a more decent lodg-

ing, whence poverty was banished: he had learnt frugality from misfortune — that stern teacher of the use of money.

In a few weeks after this, the wholesale human butcher, Buonaparte, having escaped from Elba, set Europe once more in a ferment. Rivers readily joined his regiment, and behaved so well at Waterloo that he was promoted to a company. The last time I heard from him in Europe, he was with the army of occupation in France, where he lived comfortably with his family on the full pay of a captain.

CHAPTER III.

" Ah! I am but a ball for Fortune's foot
To spurn where'er she lists."

The Two Citizens.

In 1816 I studied hard, in order to pass examination as a surgeon; and calculated that my next quarter's allowance would pay all the fees of my license, as well as purchase a small case of instruments. One afternoon I heard the postman's peculiar knock at the door. This was opened by the porter, and I heard the man of letters announce, " Mr. Warner Arundell, — two shillings and two-pence." I sent the money; and, on looking at the address, I recognised the well-known writing of the head clerk of Keen and Leech. The address was ominous; having a Mr. before my name, instead of an Esquire after it. It was a single instead of a double letter; consequently contained no bill of exchange. The contents ran thus: —

" Basseterre, St. Christopher's,
" SIR, April 1st, 1816.

" Referring you to London prices current for low quotations of muscovadoes, and at

the same time to accounts current, hereto annexed, exhibiting increased expenses and decreasing crops of your late father's estates (Arundell and Clarence) in this island and Antigua, we beg leave to advise the foreclosure of our mortgages on the same, so as to save any further loss to our house.

"Under these circumstances, it will not be in our power to continue the remittance (per your order) of 250*l.* sterling per annum. We regret that the kind feeling of our senior towards your late respected father's memory should have induced him to advance (per your order) the several sums we have remitted since your departure for England, with which your account now stands debited in our books, and which, together with the old balance, we trust you will speedily liquidate.

"Hoping to hear satisfactory accounts of you (post-paid or franked), we beg leave to assure you of our readiness to forward your views, whenever you may be pleased to place us in funds.

"We are, Sir,

"Your obedient faithful Servants,

"KEEN AND LEECH."

"*To Mr. Warner Arundell, London.*

("*Per Packet.*")

The news contained in this rascally letter came upon me unexpectedly, and threw a damp upon my spirits. I was not much in debt; but, on the other side, I had little money. At no period of my life was I a good manager in pecuniary matters; and all the money my aunt gave, or rather paid me, together with my last quarter's allowance, were nearly expended. While I was reperusing the epistle of Keen and Leech, Dr. Molesworth came in. He asked me what news I had received from the West Indies. I put the letter into his hand. He read it, and said,—

"Sad news this, Mr. Arundell; more especially at the present, when you most want money. But, at the same time, I cannot help observing how admirably this letter is written. What a business-like style!"

"D—n their style!" said I.

"Hush!" said the doctor; "don't swear: it is highly immoral. Learn to take matters philosophically. Young men are apt to be violent. Take pattern by me; see how cool I am."

"Truly, doctor, you are as cool as Cooper, amputating a limb, and upbraiding the patient for groaning. But can you please to advise me what I had better do in my present difficulty?"

"Why, in the first place, you are stopping

with me at much expense, when you might live at very trifling cost, at those cheap lodgings kept by persons who, in the phraseology of the bills they stick in their windows, 'take in young men, and do for them.'"

"I will follow your advice to-morrow morning, as soon as I find any one who will *take me in* and *do* for me, if you have no objection."

"None in the least; because I expect two pupils from the West Indies, and your chamber will be wanted for the accommodation of one of them. And then let us see what you had better do. Were you licensed as a surgeon, I could get you into an apothecary's shop. Your pay would not be great at first; but, after a time, it would be augmented; and, if you behave yourself, you might become a partner in the shop."

"A partner in an apothecary's shop!" said I, with some disdain; for I had the ridiculous prejudices of creoles against shopkeepers.

"What!" said the doctor; "you think it degrading to turn shopkeeper? We have, in scorn, been called a nation of shopkeepers; yet he who so denominated us found us too powerful for the nation of cooks and dancingmasters, that for a dozen years had cringed and fawned to his tyranny, and a dozen years before that

talked of liberating the world. But, as you object going into an apothecary's establishment, would you like to go as surgeon on board a South Sea whaler? I could, I think, get you that appointment."

"That would be more acceptable, doctor."

"Or how would you like to go as surgeon on board a vessel bound to Sidney with convicts?"

"Or to go," added I, "as passenger on board the same vessel at the charge of government, with a letter of recommendation from the Recorder of London, written in a business-like style at the Old Bailey. But, on the whole, I prefer going in a whaler."

"I'll see about it to-morrow. You can remain with me to-morrow, at all events, and I'll make no charge for the day's expenses. Let me see; how does our account stand? You owe me a month's board this day. True it is you are not quite of age; therefore, in one respect, incapable of contracting debts; but then, you know, I can demand by law from a minor any reasonable expenses for his maintenance."

"Dr. Molesworth," said I, with a little warmth, "I often heard you say that you knew my father to be a gentleman in every sense of that noble word: I have lived four years in your

house, and trust you have not found me degenerate."

"By no means," replied the doctor.

"Then why talk to me of a legal demand? I fairly owe you some twelve or thirteen pounds. Gentlemen pay their just debts because they are just, and wait not for the law to oblige them to do an act of common honesty."

"Heyday! young man; I never before observed you were proud."

"Because you never before knew me poor."

I was getting angry: I had received bad tidings enough to ruffle the temper of most men, and I thought the doctor's selfish remark was ill-timed. Fortunately, the discussion was cut short by the arrival of company. Wine was introduced, of which I partook freely; but it failed to elevate my spirits. At an earlier hour than usual I retired, taking leave of the doctor with cool politeness.

Arrived in my chamber, I looked over the state of my finances, which I found rather above twenty pounds. I went to bed, but not to sleep. After tossing and tumbling for three hours, I fell into a doubtful slumber: but unpleasant dreams tormented me. I thought I was in Antigua, on the Clarence plantation, and my father stood

beside me; that Keen, Leech, and their clerk, Arnold, were in conversation with my parent. The old gentleman, methought, upbraided them with cheating me, when Leech threw an immense ledger at my sire: it missed him, and knocked me down. As I fell, I thought the account-book lay on my mouth, so as to prevent my breathing; while, at the same time, Keen, aided by his clerk, rolled a hogshead of muscovadoes upon me. In vain I attempted to roll off the ponderous cask, and remove the heavy ledger from my mouth. I could not respire, while a ton-weight lay on my breast. I tried in vain to shriek; and, at last, did so: until, with a start, I awoke, and the incubus vanished. I found myself lying on my back; the bedclothes had lodged over my mouth and nose, so as to impede my respiration.

I could not sleep after this attack of nightmare, but patiently listened to the information attempted to be given by the watchman: he, every half-hour, called past —— o'clock; what the intermediate word was I could not catch, but he always added, "a cloudy morning:" for the watchmen in London* are paid for waking people, to tell them the hour of the night and the state of the weather.

* This was in 1816.

Day at length dawned; and the watchman's cry gave way to the sweep's wailing call, which sounded like "Weep, weep!" To this succeeded the dustman's annoying bell; then followed the milkman's call. A hundred voices formed what is called the "Cries of London," mingled like a Dutch medley, and proclaimed that the busy metropolis was awake.

I arose, made my hasty toilet, sent the doctor what I owed him, and set out to look for a place where, according to cockney phraseology, "young men are taken in and done for." After walking about for half an hour, I found myself in the Haymarket; when suddenly, passing Panton Street, I encountered my old friend, Captain Trevallion. We warmly saluted each other; and he asked me to adjourn with him to his lodgings in Jermyn Street. Arrived there, he inquired about my prospects. I briefly explained my situation, and shewed him the "business-like letter" of Keen and Leech.

"Very concise and satisfactory," said Trevallion; "but I wonder, when they advised you to pay postage of any letter to them, they did not pay the postage of their letter to you. Well, Master Arundell, what do you think of doing?"

"I have not made up my mind about that."

"Do you wish to make your fortune? I

suppose you do. I will tell how this can be done hand over hand. You know what is going on in South America: the whole continent is in a state of war. An expedition is fitting out to assist the patriots; amongst the rest, I go, with a recommendation from Don Mendez for the command of a ship in their service. You ought to know their country; you have been there, and speak their gibberish: that is the country for you. Bolivar is carrying every thing before him. In a few months after our arrival, the republicans will be in possession of Peru and Mexico, where gold and silver are more plentiful than tin and lead in Cornwall."

"How am I to get there?" asked I; "I have not the means of paying my passage."

"Take no thought about that. You are a surgeon—not licensed; but no matter, you are able to set a broken limb, or, if necessary, to dock one: that's all that is required. The Saucy Jack sails in a few days from Portsmouth: the agreement with the passengers is, that a doctor shall be provided for the voyage. You are the man; you'll get your passage free. Take breakfast with me, and then let us go together to Mr. W——: he will introduce you to old Don Mendez, who will give you a commission as surgeon in the Columbian service; and as to the owners of the Saucy Jack, I warrant they'll give you a

passage if you will consent to act as doctor during the voyage."

I took breakfast with Trevallion; during which repast, he seemed so enthusiastic about his future prospects in South America, that I entered into his views ere we swallowed our first cup of tea.

Half an hour's walk brought us to the house of Mr. W——, in a street leading out of Tottenham Court Road. I found him the very merchant at whose house I took refuge during the night after the earthquake at Caraccas. He did not recognise me at first, but I made him recollect me: he received me with great warmth, heard Trevallion's account of me, and proposed instantly to introduce me to Don Mendez. To this we consented: the don lived close by, and I was ushered into his presence.

He seemed a little elderly man, with a sallow complexion and hawk's-eye, which was lively enough to have belonged to a man thirty years younger; his room was crowded with solicitors for the honour of bearing commissions in the South American service. He gave a brief audience to each candidate in his turn, and always granted his recommendation of the applicant for a commission; which recommendation he addressed to the different insurgent chiefs: none were rejected. I never saw so many heroes in one room—ac-

cording to their own account. Each had seen the most extraordinary services, and had been in all the battles that had been fought since their birth. One sallow-looking, middle-aged man, who had been in the East, and was dismissed the Company's service because he was too lucky at cards, said that he, with a single company of sepoys, had defeated the grand army of *Raja Roul Jowler Rum Un*. I am not sure that I am correct in the orthography of that potentate's name, never having seen it written; but that was the way it was pronounced by Captain Curri, late of the East India Company's service.

There were several Frenchmen in the room, who were not a whit behind the English candidates for commissions in bravery: not a Johnny Crapaud of them but had been in all the scenes of glory which were recorded on the Napoleon column in Paris. They proposed to eat all the Spaniards in South America! Verily, they looked hungry enough.

All, both English and French, had cultivated most warlike whiskers, and some had extensive mustachios. Perhaps, when they modestly pretended to be heroes, they feared that they should look barefaced; and hence encouraged the growth of hair on their countenances: or it might have been done to conceal their blushes.

Many of them said they had been majors—who, perhaps, had been serjeant-majors; and one or two shewed the marks of drunken broils as the scars of honourable wounds. Old Mendez appeared to believe all, and granted every one the commission he required, provided he could pay his passage on board certain vessels. The fact was, this patriot was leagued with a set of scoundrels, who were speculating on the credulity of certain persons, by fitting out ships for the purpose of carrying passengers to South America, making them pay enormously high for villanous accommodation; hence, while the trumpeters of their own exploits thought they were deceiving Mendez, they were his dupes: this I afterwards discovered.

At length my time arrived to be presented to the don. Mr. W—— introduced me as an old friend, a graduate of the University of Caraccas, and a pupil in surgery and medicine to some of the first physicians of London: he added, that I was solicitous to obtain the appointment of surgeon to the South American army, and willing to officiate as medical man on board the Saucy Jack. Finding that, unlike my fellow-candidates for promotion, I did not blow my own trumpet, Mr. W—— kindly consented to give a blast or two of his own in my favour. The don spoke to me in Spanish, and was pleased at finding I replied

in pure Castilian: he asked under whom I had studied at Caraccas, and who were my preceptors in London. Being well satisfied with my answers, he said to W——, in a low voice,—

"This young gentleman will do well; he is superior to the flock that apply for commissions, although he does not sound his own praise."

He then wrote out my commission, with an order on the Columbian government for pay, at the rate of 150 dollars per month, to commence from that day. He advised me to join the Saucy Jack the evening of the following day, and he would acquaint the owners that he had found a surgeon; he further told me, that all the passengers were already on board, and they only would wait until I arrived. I promised to obey his instructions, and took my leave.

I went to Dr. Molesworth's, took a cold farewell of him, removed my luggage to Trevallion's lodgings, and commenced taking leave of a few friends. My time was too short to allow my taking out my license as a surgeon: in this, as well as in all I did since I received the letter of Keen and Leech, I acted precipitately, and shewed little knowledge of the world.

In the afternoon, as I was walking along Fleet Street, I received a hearty slap on my back. Turning round to see who gave me this rough

salute, I recognised Mr. Holywell, the late supercargo of the Tickler.

"How are you, with your eye out?" said he.

This was his customary salute, for his language was the same he used during our voyage home. Four years' residence in London made him appear more stout and rosy about the gills. During the passage I often saw him naked, taking a shower-bath, and used to admire his fine muscular frame. He appeared to possess all the traits of irresistible strength of the Farnese Hercules, without the heaviness which characterises that celebrated statue; but now, being dressed in what he called his "swell toggery," with his enormous crop of cravats, huge bunch of seals, red waistcoat, frock coat, and ill-cut duffle great coat, he seemed a Hercules covered with the skin of a new-slain bear. The people of London seem to dress for three purposes: for warmth, decency, and, lastly, to disfigure their forms.

"How are you, my trump? You look in prime twig!" said Holywell.

We in vain tried to enter into conversation. We were partly hindered by the number of cant phrases with which Holywell interlined his discourse, but principally by the abominable noise of a thousand vehicles, many of them carts loaded with iron bars: these prevented, with their noise,

our hearing each other. My companion seized me by the arm, and led me up one of those retired alleys which lead off from most of the noisy streets of the city. We entered into one of those quiet, cleanly, but dark houses of accommodation, something between a chop-house and a tavern.

"Waiter!" said Holywell.

"*Sar!*" replied a voice; and immediately, out of a dark recess in the room, appeared a smoke-dried-faced waiter.

"A bottle of blackstrap," said my friend.

"*D'ractly, sar*," replied the waiter, vanishing into darkness, and immediately reappearing, as if by magic, with a bottle, two glasses, and a corkscrew. These he placed in a little box, uncorked the wine, and once more left us. The wine was superior to that Day and Martin-looking composition which, I believe, is a mixture of sloe-juice and gin, but which the inhabitants of London swallow for port, "*neat as imported!*"

We entered into conversation. Holywell informed me that, from having been the managing clerk, and occasionally the supercargo of Sucker and Sons, he for the last three years had been in business for himself in Wood Street, and that he was doing well. I, on my part, related all that had occurred to me since we parted, up to the hour

of my receiving the letter of Keen and Leech. He read it, and said,—

"They are out-and-out coves, and up to the time of day: they got you away until they were able to trump up a Flemish account against your estates, and then bilked you out of them. But you don't intend to put up with all this?"

"What can I do?"

"Get a license to use your lancet; cross the *herring-pond* to St. Kitt's; live by physicking the darkies; in the meantime, appeal against the foreclosure of the mortgage, and bring the matter before the chancery beak."

"I have but one objection against following your advice—I have no money."

"It won't take much blunt to do what I recommend, and for that I give you *tick*, and you may pay me when you are flush of skreens.* I'll come down with the dust this moment. Waiter! pen and ink. I'll give you a flimsy (check) on Ransom, Moreland, and Co. What shall it be for? one hundred, or one hundred and fifty?—say the word."

The ready way that Holywell offered his assistance astonished me; I never could have supposed

* Bank of England notes, I believe.

that one who used such vulgar language possessed so munificent a disposition. After thanking him for his generous offer, I told him that I could not accept it, explaining that I was under engagements to Don Mendez.

"Cut the old cove, by all means," said Holywell, "or you'll be *spifficated*. He's a knowing blade. Lord love your West Indian simplicity! What a cake you are, not to see the rig! He is playing into the hands of a set of cross ship-owners, who are fitting out vessels to carry passengers (spoonies like yourself) across the *Dolphin River*. The accommodations on board these craft are on the cheap-and-nasty plan, and yet the blunt for the passage is shamefully high. A set of coves apply to him for commissions, telling the old one long yarns about their service; he seems to swallow all their crammers, and grants them whatever commissions they ask,—captains, majors, colonels,—all the same to Mendez, and all the same to those who get those humbug commissions. They think that they humbug the old codger, and he well knows that they are his gulls. My Lord! Warner, I did not think you were such a Johnny Raw!"

I tried to combat his disparaging notions of Mendez, and did this with greater warmth because I suspected that they were true, and

that I had been duped. I, however, told him that I paid nothing for my passage, because I agreed to act as a surgeon on board the Saucy Jack.

"So far," observed Holywell, "so good: you'll lose nothing, perhaps, except your time, and will gain what I suspect you want,—that is, experience. The patriots and royalists are fighting like game-cocks: should the Spaniards floor the Americans, you're done up; but if the republicans succeed, they'll give you a large tract of ground, which will be like that of Teague,—if you have it for nothing, you can't make your own money of it."

"There you are mistaken," said I; "the land in South America is very rich."

"So," replied he, "is the bottom of the sea: but how we are to get the riches out of it, is a question that would puzzle a horse to answer, and he has a longer head than either of us. Arundell, don't go!"

I was, however, obstinate, because I suspected I was wrong. Finding I was resolved on going, he ceased persuading me against it, but asked me if I wanted any thing for the voyage to which he could assist me? I replied in the negative. He inquired if I had a set of surgical instruments: if not, he could recommend me to a friend of his

who would supply me, to be paid for when I could. I answered, that I certainly wished for the instruments of my profession, but could not afford to buy them; neither would I take credit for them, because I conceived it dishonourable to run in debt without having any prospect of paying for them.

After discussing a rump-steak, dressed in the unrivalled London fashion, we separated with mutual good wishes, but not until Holywell asked me where my present lodgings were. We parted about four o'clock.

The next morning, after I had breakfasted with Trevallion, the servant of the house brought in a large parcel. On opening it, I found it to contain a complete set of surgical instruments, in three cases, with my name engraved on each case, and a letter, written in a disguised hand, which stated that the instruments were the present of a lady.

It was easy to see through Holywell's generous device: I was intimately acquainted with no lady, and surgical instruments were not presents that women would think of making. If I had the slightest doubt as to who, with such despatch, sent me the cases, it was removed by looking at the seal of the letter. It bore the impression of a negro supporting a cup, designed

to represent the cup presented to the boxer Crib, after his defeating an American negro. I had noticed this impression on one of the large seals worn by Holywell, and a lady was not likely to have a *fac-simile* of it.

My first resolution was to return the instruments to my generous friend; but, on reflection, I thought it would be ungrateful. I recollected that I possessed an old-fashioned and valuable gold watch and appendages, which had belonged to my father, and which had been in my possession ever since my childhood: these I proposed to send to Holywell. As I looked at the last vestige of my poor father's property, I shed a tear at the thoughts of parting with it, and kissed the toy, as though it possessed feeling. I consoled myself with the reflection, that, if my sire's spirit hovered about me, he would not be displeased at my sacrificing this relic to satisfy a proud sense of honour.

"Pardon me, dearest parent," apostrophised I; "pardon your orphan son, for parting with this, your last relic: but my motives for so doing are such as you, were you beside me, would approve. Your mournful prophecy, made during my infancy, is being fulfilled; but, though indigent, I will never be despicable: oppression and misfortune may weigh heavy on me, but they shall never bow me down to dishonour or beggary."

I wrote a letter to my friend, in which I took no notice of the instruments, but requested him to keep the watch until I should return; and, if he never should see me more, to retain it for the sake of our old friendship. I packed the watch in a small case, directed it to Holywell, and ordered the landlord of the house to send it the next day: this he promised to do, and kept his word. That evening, with five pounds in my pocket, I took my leave of London, and, accompanied by Trevallion, seated myself on the top of the Portsmouth stage, to join the Saucy Jack. As day dawned, the coach descended Postdown Hill, and, after taking breakfast at the Blue Posts, I went on board the Saucy Jack. The captain said he was glad to see Trevallion and myself, as we were the only passengers he had to wait for. In the afternoon the pilot came on board, and, with a light breeze, we worked out of Portsmouth harbour.

CHAPTER IV.

"While I have time and space,
Before I further in my tale do pass,
It seemeth me accordant unto reason,
To tell unto you all the condition
Of each of them — so it seemed to me;
And who they were, and of what degree."

CHAUCER.

"On, on the vessel flies — the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay."

BYRON.

It was evening before we fairly got into the British Channel. During the night we passed the coast of Devon, with a light but favourable wind; the next morning we were off Cornwall; and the third day of our voyage, the land of Albion had vanished from our view.

It is now high time that I should say something of the vessel I sailed in, and the captain and passengers I sailed with. The first had been advertised as "the celebrated fast-sailing American

schooner, Saucy Jack," which had been captured during the late war, and had been fitted up with superior accommodations for passengers to South America: but, instead of being, as pretended, a Baltimore clipper, she was built in the north of England, and was as mere a tub at sailing as ever fell behind a convoy. The accommodations were most incommodious, and the provisions abundant, but execrable. She was about 100 tons burden; had on board a skipper, mate, five seamen, two stewards, and a cook; and carried thirty-seven regular passengers, besides two females,—one the wife of the captain, and the other that of the cook.

I will describe the captain, and some of my fellow-passengers, as I did on a former occasion. Firstly, there was Captain Canter. Never was a man better named; for he was a hypocrite and a knave, with the fear of the Lord for ever in his mouth, and the lowest scoundrelism in his heart: he would have been atrocious, but wanted force of character. He said he had been a master in the navy: I hope, for the honour of the service, that this was not the case.

He had a wife, not altogether deficient in personal attractions; but she had a mouth—such a mouth as used to be painted on a sign-board, ere John Bull learned French, when the

Boulogne Mouth was represented by a bull, and a human, or rather inhuman, mouth. As this poor woman was not destitute of modesty, she confined herself to her cabin, where her situation was most pitiable; the other female was the cook's wife, from the lowest order of Gosport.

The passengers were divided into two classes—those who were going to South America to enter the navy, and those who intended to join the army. I shall give the naval gentlemen the precedence.

Firstly, there was Lieutenant Jenkins. He was, as he used to describe himself, "all as one as a piece of the ship." His father was a purser; he had been born on shipboard, and had passed so much of his time afloat, that he was ignorant of the ways of the world to an incredible degree. If ever the expression of a man's having sailed round the world without going to it, was applicable to any one, it was to Lieutenant Jenkins. I never saw a landsman, who had not seen the sea, so completely unacquainted with the names of different parts of the ship, as Jenkins was of the different parts of a house.

Jenkins's personal appearance was remarkable. He was six feet three inches in height, but his limbs were out of all proportion short; hence, when he sat down, from the extraordinary

length of his body, he looked as tall as ordinary men standing. He had a most indescribably comic visage: the countenance of Liston, beside his, would look awfully tragic. He generally smiled, or, to speak more correctly, grinned; but when he tried to look serious, it seemed an effort against nature, for it was evident that his heart was almost bursting with mirth. His laugh was droll; but his attempts at screwing up his features to three sharps, in order to look grave, was enough to convulse with cachinnation a whole Quakers' meeting. I have spoken of his ignorance of the ways of the world: this I will illustrate by an anecdote.

One evening we were talking of the inhabitants of London, when, unexpectedly, Jenkins wedged in his opinion of the people of that capital. He said that the Londoners were the greatest set of cheats alive. Several persons disputing his judgment, Jenkins was called on to explain the cause of his sweeping censure.

"Because," said Jenkins, "they took me in."

"How were they cunning enough to do that?" asked several of us. On which the lieutenant told his story thus.

"You must know, when I was laying at Yâârmouth (he pronounced the last word *ore*

rotundo), I heard two or three fellow-middies say as how in a *tragedie* they always spoke the best English. Now, you know, I don't speak the best English, be — cause why? I've been all my life at sea: and so, said I, how can I hear a *tragedie?* And so Jack Phillips, our master's-mate, says, says he, 'You may hear and see a *tragedie* in Lunnun.' Well, I axed liberty to go up to Lunnun to see a *tragedie.* I took a quarter-deck passage on board a stage-coach. We bowled along, at the rate of eight knots an hour, until we got to a large house in Lunnun, with a board before the door, that had a picture of a large pig with a long snout and a fort on its back."

"The Elephant and Castle," said several voices.

"That's the name of the ship — house, I mean. I axed the way to a play-house. They told me to keep before the wind for half a league, and I'd meet with one, beside a stone bridge over the Lunnun river."

"It was Astley's," said several voices.

"I dare say it was," replied Jenkins. "Well, I got there. They had lights all round the house, — bow, midships, and stern; and I heard the band sawing away at their fiddles inside. I was going in, when a man, in a little box, called to me, 'Pay here, sir.' 'How much,' said I, 'do

you ax to let me in?' 'Four shillings,' said he. 'Won't you take less?' said I. 'We never make any 'batement,' says he. But I axed him, suppose I paid him four shillings, whether he would shew me a *tragedie?* The man in the box looked at me, and, with a purser's grin, said, 'To be sure, we will shew you a *tragedie,* or any thing else you like.' Well, I paid him a crown, and would not take the change; so much did I wish to see a *tragedie.* In I went. Now, instead of a *tragedie,* what do you think they shewed me?"

"What?" asked a dozen persons.

"*A pony-race!*" said Jenkins, striking the table with his fist, so as to make all the glasses on it rattle. "A'nt I right to call the Lunnuners a set of scoundrels? I paid my money to see a *tragedie,* and they shewed me a pony-race!"

He was promoted, at the late peace, from long services as a midshipman, to the rank of lieutenant, and put on half-pay. This was humanely done by the Admiralty to many a friendless midshipman, who otherwise would have been turned loose on the world, without the means of subsistence.

The second was Lieutenant Jack — a handsome, dapper little fellow, who would have been an agreeable companion, but for one monomania. He took it into his head that he could sing with

an ear so accurate, that if he heard 'Tally high O the grinder,' played in slow time, he would guess it to be the 'Dead March' in Saul; and a voice as agreeable, though not so flexible, as that of a turkey-cock. Lieutenant Jack imagined he could sing. He had an astonishing memory, insomuch that, I believe, he knew every song in the English language, and sung them all to one tune—if tune it could be called that tune had none. Not contented with torturing regular songs by his manner of gabbling them, every fine piece of poetry that struck him in Wolfe (the 'Death of Moore' was his favourite), Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, and Coleridge, he committed to memory, to be sung by him. He even used to attempt passages out of Milton's 'L' Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso,' set to his own music; and, while he had the atrocity to mangle the most beautiful poetry ever composed, he absolutely held our taste in great contempt, because we did not admire his singing.

The third was a Lieutenant Britton—a large, raw-boned, hard-featured man; a native of Shields, and what is called in the navy a north-country Jock. Seldom have I seen a better sailor, and, at the same time, never one less calculated to make a good officer. He was repeatedly turned back, as the term goes, when he wished

to be passed as a lieutenant; and was at length promoted on account of many acts of personal bravery in boarding and cutting out.

Like Hamilton, Britton was "single-speeched:" he seldom said more than two or three words at a time, unless when any person or thing provoked him. When the former was the case, he clenched his bony hand, which formed a fist that might have done honour to Front du Bœuf, and address the offender thus:

"Look you, mate, if you do that again, I won't box you — no, I'll only give you one blow, that shall make you smell hell! and it shan't be between the eyes neither."

Britton used to sleep in a hammock, out of choice; and, if any one played him the stale trick of cutting down his suspended bed in the night, his roar would awake all of us. He would exclaim,—

"Look you, my hearties, if I lay my grip on the mackerel-faced son of a marine as cut me down, he had better have hold of the moon with his fingers greased! I'll not box him—no, I'll only give him one blow as shall make him smell hell! and I'll not hit him between the eyes, neither."

This threat of avenging himself by means of one blow, which was not to be given between the eyes, was used, with little variation, not only

when persons annoyed him, but when things displeased him. If we found any part of the provisions bad (no unusual thing) he'd exclaim,—

"I wish I had the owner of this craft here; I'd not box him — no, I'd give him only one blow," &c.

The same threat was issued against the maker or purchaser of every article that displeased him; he menaced to make them smell the sulphureous regions by means of one blow, which was not to fall between the eyes.

All on board became anxious to know where Britton intended to aim this mysterious blow; but, he being a powerful man, no one wished to ascertain it from personal experience: in fact, the mystery of the threat awed all the turbulent spirits on board the Saucy Jack. I, one day, asked him in what part of the body he intended to strike some one he was using his old threat against.

"Why, doctor," he replied, "being, as I believe, the strongest man on board this craft, it would not be fair for me to attack any one; but I'd advise no one to mislest (molest) me, or, by ——, I'll not box him, because he could n't stand against me — all I'd do would be to give him one blow — no more; he should smell hell; but I'd not hit between the eyes, neither."

I need not describe Captain Trevallion; but shall only state, that, when he found out the deception practised on the passengers in passing off the Saucy Jack as a Baltimore clipper, and beheld the shameful want of accommodation and badness of the provisions, he saw into the scoundrelly tricks of old Mendez, and augured badly of the expedition. This preyed on his spirits. Hence, he took to the bottle: after the first ten days of the voyage he was seldom sober.

The rest of the naval passengers were midshipmen and masters'-mates, discharged at the peace, and young students who were dismissed the naval college. A wilder set of youths could not be found. Be it recollected they had no one to command them; every one on board was as good a man as another—if he could box as well.

The Saucy Jack was a complete floating republic: the captain had no authority. Twice or thrice Canter told them to behave better, for fear of the Lord. He was laughed at. Once he attempted to enforce order, by threatening to put some riotous young men in irons; but he was frightened from his purpose by being threatened to be cobbed.

Before I speak of the military gentlemen, I must state, that we had a person on board, by

the name of Price, a lieutenant of marines, who said he intended to take service in either the Columbian army or navy. In one respect, Lieutenant Price had a stronger constitution than most men I have met with: he could eat more and sleep longer than any one I ever saw. When not engaged at one or other of these diversions, he used to amuse himself by practising, on a single-keyed flute, an air which he intended for "God save the King"—as he kindly informed us.

The first in years and rank of the military gentlemen was Major M'Donald Glenlyon. He had seen much service in various parts of the globe; but his fortune and prospects had been ruined by a love of the bottle. His features, and especially his eyes, gave indications of his unfortunate propensity. Yet they bore marks of having been handsome. His fine brow, covered with curled, but gray locks, and the whole *contour* of his physiognomy, shewed the veteran of twenty campaigns, and the toper of six bottles. If the heathen deities existed, Bacchus would have been propitious to the Saucy Jack.

We had two German gentlemen on board; soldiers of fortune—that is to say, soldiers without fortune. Both had titles in their own coun-

try, which they prudently dropped on board the Saucy Jack. When not persecuted by the ruffianly part of the passengers, I used to spend my time teaching these gentlemen Spanish, and taking instructions from them in German.

The next I shall notice was one who called himself Dr. Beadle; a delicate lad, and a warm-hearted simpleton. He had been an apothecary's shopman, in Islington, and solicited and obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon to the Columbian forces — at least, Mendez told him so.

I will not weary the reader by describing the rest of our motley collection of passengers. Some had been officers in volunteer corps; some went to join the South American army, to avoid going into the Fleet. Several were sent by their friends to Columbia, in the hope of their getting *settled* in that republic; and thus saving their families the disgrace of hearing that they had died of a sore throat, occasioned by their being kept in a state of suspense while cooling their heels, for an hour on the stretch, before the debtors' door in Newgate, by the recommendation of the Recorder. One had run away from a scolding wife; and one because, according to Serjeant Kite, he had disobedient parents. Two or three exceptions must be made to the above censures.

Amongst those was Mr. ——, a person attached to the *belles lettres.**

Such were the men who, early in the struggle between Spain and her colonies, went out to take service with the latter. Their behaviour, during the protracted passage of the Saucy Jack, made me disgusted with my species.

In the early part of the voyage, the military part of the passengers were mostly sea-sick. In mere joke, they were treated most inhumanely by the naval people. When the sea-sickness passed, the pipeclay aristocracy, as the soldiers were called, prepared to retaliate; and a serious *fraças* was about to take place. This happened near the Bay of Biscay; when hostilities were suspended by the occurrence of a most tremendous storm, which blew with awful violence for four days. At the commencement of this "blow," it fortunately happened that Trevallion was sober; and the skipper, knowing the superior skill of the Cornishman, gave him temporary charge of the vessel. The event justified the deference paid to Trevallion: we escaped as violent a storm as ever was remembered, with little or no damage.

When the weather moderated, a peace was

* The Editor of the present Memoirs.

effected between the belligerent passengers; and a set of rules were drawn up for the maintenance of good order. We all signed them; but they were broken before the subscriptions were well dry. I have already stated, the captain had no command over the ship, and the sailors refused to interfere with the *gentlemen:* the whole of the passengers used to drop their own disputes to unite against the skipper when he dared to interfere: in fact, we were in a complete state of mutiny.

Practical jokes, of the roughest and most dangerous kind, were continually being played off. These brought on fights—not duels, but boxing encounters—which generally terminated in favour of the naval gentlemen; because the sailors had their sea legs, and the landsmen were less steady on board of a little vessel like the Saucy Jack, while under weigh. But it was not an uncommon event to see a landsman beaten during rough weather; and, afterwards, the vanquished would attack the victor in a calm, and beat him in his turn.

I escaped these blackguard encounters until we got beyond the latitude of Madeira, when I was one day addressed by a youth of the name of Purcell, a ringleader in most of the horse-play on board. He was a stout-made man, with a

ruddy complexion; hair the colour of a gravel-pit, and extensive whiskers to match. He asked me to lend him a nameless implement out of the medicine-chest, for the purpose of playing off some abominable practical jokes. This I refused to do. He called me a loblolly-boy: I took no notice of the insult. My forbearance imboldened him: he then said I was a coward: this my creole blood could not brook. As they say in dinner-speeches, "Unaccustomed as I was to public" boxing, "I rose with considerable reluctance," but with great fury. I had made up my mind to have the first blow at the first one who should force me into an ungentlemanly combat. I did not follow the intention of Britton in not aiming between the eyes; I precisely struck Purcell in that part of the "index of his mind." The blow was given with such force that it made him, to use Britton's elegant phraseology, "smell hell." Down he went, and rose again to come to the scratch. His eyes had two black rims round them, which contrasted strongly with his arnotto-coloured eyebrows. He possessed science, but I had superior strength, and fought with a violence he could not resist in so confined a space as below the decks of the Saucy Jack. I fairly beat down his guard by main force: I then adopted creole tactics; I caught hold of both his

flaming whiskers, stooped my head, and beat his visage against it by drawing him towards and pushing him from me alternately, until his features became undistinguishable, being all mixed up together and run into each other, until his "human face divine" was, as the Barbadians say, "mashed up like a sour-sop."* I did not let him go until he called for quarter.

Purcell did not recover the beating for three weeks. This event gained me some respect: I had overcome one of the best boxers on board.

As we advanced into warm latitudes, the jokes became more frequent. We had two or three pigs on board; these the jesters would not allow to be killed, as they aided their bestial frolics. They were continually introduced into the berths of the passengers; and if the party in whose dormitory the quadruped members of the swinish multitude were placed complained of the nuisance, a dozen buckets of salt water were flung into his berth, over bed and bedding, to cleanse it. No one at night could venture on deck without the certainty of getting a duck for his supper. The mate and crew used to join in these "sky-larkings."

* A sour-sop is a soft kind of fruit.

But it was when the naval part of the passengers used to remain up at night to take a lunar observation, that there was, to use their own expressions, "the devil to pay, and no pitch hot." For us to get sleep when a lunar was to be taken, was a *lunatic* hope. On those occasions, the mirth and fury grew fast and furious. Shark-hooks were affixed into the mattrasses of those who attempted to go to sleep, and just as they were dropping into what Jenkins called "the arms of Murphy" (Morpheus), by means of a line and a block or two, the mattrass was dragged from under the dozer, who was thrown out of his berth; and the next morning a dozen mattrasses were found hanging high up the masts or rigging.

Little Beadle, who considered me in the light of a brother chip, had a berth right over mine. We contrived to make our respective mattrasses fast to each other's berths, and so to secure them with small tacks that they could not be easily dragged from under us. The next night a "lunar" was to be taken (of the correctness of these lunar observations, I shall have occasion to speak anon), but by this time the word lunar had become synonymous with a mad uproar; insomuch that the two Germans, who knew little of

English, believed that the words "to take a lunar," really meant to get intoxicated for the purpose of committing outrages.

On this occasion, a shark-hook was let down into little Beadle's berth; but, in consequence of our precaution, his mattrass could not be dragged on deck. Down went one of the gentlemen lunarians; and, not daring to attack me, he slipped a cord over the heel of poor little Beadle, while we were asleep. At a given signal he was inhumanly dragged out of his berth, had his head severely cut during the execution of this shameful plan, and was suspended down the hatchway by the heel, like the infant Achilles being dipped by Thetis into the Styx. I was awoke by the cries of murder. I hastily rose; and, by the light of the full moon, perceived the poor little apothecary hanging by one leg down the hatchway, his other three limbs and his body wriggling in all directions to relieve himself from his torturing state of suspense. Blood was dropping from his forehead; and his shirt, from his reversed situation, thrown over his head.

"Murder! murder!" vociferated Beadle; "I am murdered! you'll all be hanged if you don't cut me down!"

I got the poor man relieved from his un-

pleasant situation, dressed his wounded forehead, and put him to bed.

After this I declared aloud, that, whoever was the scoundrel who practised such an atrocious act against so delicate a young man, he was unworthy being called a gentleman; nevertheless, if he possessed the spirit of a man, I hoped he would declare himself, and that I would meet him with pistols as soon as we went ashore. If he did not declare himself, in addition to his being cruel he was cowardly; and if I, at any time, should discover who he was, I would publicly horsewhip him.

This speech produced a buzz of applause from those who were not lunar observers, and much murmuring from those who were: no one, however, seemed inclined to accept my challenge. During the preceding day, the German gentlemen and myself had been practising at a mark with duelling pistols, and my proficiency in the use of those arms astonished all on board; I having hit a penny-piece fourteen times running, at ten yards' distance, although the schooner was in motion at the time I fired, which I did at the word of command.

The apothecary sent for me, and said, "I thank you, doctor: you are a genuine gentleman,

without any adulteration or admixture; but, please God, I shall find out who the scoundrel is, and then his heart's blood shall pay for this night's frolic."

I thought this the mere ebullition of impotent, but excusable rage. I have subsequently found that Beadle expressed his fixed determination: he was delicate and nervous, but not a coward. I told him, however, to compose himself, and not to think of revenge.

The next morning I found him much better than I expected, although I saw that he would bear to the grave the scar of the wound he had received on his forehead.

Several of the naval passengers declared to me at dinner their determination of taking another lunar observation, as their sextants were adjusted, and the moon was within observing distance.

"Look you, gentlemen lunar observers," said Major Glenlyon, "I give you fair warning that I have arms in my sleeping-place: therefore, if, during your nocturnal rambles, you should pay a visit to my *berth*, you'll meet your *death*—and there's a pun without intending it. But, seriously, twice within this week has my mattrass been dragged from under me; and, if this stale trick be again tried to be played off, he who makes the

attempt may expect an ounce of hot lead, or a foot of cold steel, in his breast. I'll drill a hole through the body of the first man who disturbs my rest."

Several of the lunarians got together after this, and said they were determined to get the major's mattrass on the top-gallant-mast-head that night. I advised them not to attempt it; I bade them recollect the major was a veteran, and not at all likely to make an idle threat. They laughed at what I told them. The result proved no laughing matter.

Glenlyon prepared to make good his word. Price, the marine officer, was a kind of parasite of the major; they slept in contiguous berths, in a narrow passage opposite the bread-room. The lieutenant offered that night to keep guard over Glenlyon; the latter took into his berth a loaded pistol, a *skean dhu,* or Highland dirk, and a bottle of whisky. The first part of the night he was undisturbed. Finding his arms to be useless, he applied his mouth to sip the mountain dew. In a few minutes after tasting his darling beverage, the whole of it was transferred to his stomach; and, shortly after, his nose gave intimation to the lunar observers that he slept soundly. On this, Britton descended the companion-ladder, and made towards his bed, with a shark-hook in his hand.

"Who comes there?" called the vigilant marine officer.

Britton stood aside; on which, Price rose to seize the man who, with a shark-hook, tried to murder sleep. But, like most persons leaving their beds in the dark, he knew not which way to turn; and, groping about, he unfortunately ran the index finger of his left hand into the mouth of the snoring major. This partially awoke the sleeper, who was dreaming of whisky and shark-hooks. Being but half awakened by the finger's entering his mouth, he was confused: he, however, concluded that it must belong to a hand that intended to bowse up his mattrass, and his jaw closed on the finger with such force as to bite it off at the second joint. The major then struck out with his dirk: it passed through the muscles of the upper arm of the unlucky marine, and was stopped by one of his ribs, or the thrust would have been mortal. This was not all. The blood of the Glenlyons was roused: the half-dreaming, but enraged and whisky-inspired veteran fired his pistol in the dark, with a better aim than he used his skean dhu: the ball passed across the breast of Britton, and inflicted an ugly flesh-wound. All this was done between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety. So much

for taking lunar observations, and bottles of whisky to bed.

A howl and a deep moan from Price were the first sounds we heard of this affair. To these succeeded a brief flash, and the report of a pistol; and the next moment, we heard an exclamation in the dark, of—

"Oh, I am shot, by ——! If I find out the man who fired at me, I'll give him only one blow, that shall make him smell hell; and I'll not hit him between the eyes, neither."

This was enough to tell us that one of the wounded parties was Britton: lights were called for, and brought. Suspecting what had happened, I hurried to the narrow passage near the bread-room. The first object which met my eye was poor Price, seated on the companion-ladder. He was, indeed, an *object;* his left hand was *minus* a finger, and the arm fairly pinned to his rib by the dirk, which was still in his flesh: I hastily drew it out; he moaned most ludicrously. Against the bread-room stood Lieutenant Britton, with a wound in his breast. The ball had passed right across it, carrying the whole of the wadding, and a piece of the waistcoat, into the flesh, for he was only three feet from the muzzle of the pistol at the time of its discharge: his shirt, when I looked

at him, was still on fire; he stood, swearing to finish the man who wounded him, with one blow, which, as a matter of course, was not to be aimed at between the eyes.

I caused the lantern to be brought to Glenlyon's berth, whence, I rightly guessed, all the mischief proceeded.

"What the devil have I in my mouth?" said the now fully awake and sober major.

I looked, and beheld it was the missing finger of the poor marine officer, which the major bit off at the commencement of the *tragedie*, as Jenkins called it.

With as much despatch as I could I dressed the wounded men. I was obliged to probe the wound of Britton deeply, in order to get out the wadding and piece of cloth carried into it. I, however, got them to bed; and, just as I was putting up my instruments, a deputation, consisting of Lieutenants Jenkins and Jack, and about ten other naval passengers, came to me to ask my opinion of the state of the wounded men.

I told them I saw no immediate danger from the wounds; but unpleasant consequences might result from locked-jaw: fever might also be occasioned, by the circumstance of the men being wounded during a transition from

a cold to a warm climate. This indirect danger might, in some measure, be obviated by their being kept quiet, as any disturbance in the vessel might bring on fatal consequences.

This I said in order to get a little peace on board the Saucy Jack. I might as well have preached peace to a hurricane.

Lieutenant Jack said, that they wished to know if the parties wounded were likely to do well; in which case they would not 'peach the major, but they intended to cob him. I protested against such an indignity being put on a veteran who had served his country honourably for twenty-five years. They said they would cob him, despite of me.

"We will see that," said I, taking out a pair of loaded pistols. The Germans, who only partially understood what was going on, asked me about the matter: I briefly explained it to them. In an instant they drew their sabres, and swore to stand by me in protecting Glenlyon. Poor little Beadle, wounded as he was, left his bed, took a blunderbuss without a lock, and swore to stand by me, whether I was right or wrong. The apothecary did not know the occasion of the quarrel. Others of the military passengers appeared armed: the lunar observers also armed themselves. The captain's wife shrieked in her cabin; and the

skipper told us to keep the peace in the name of the Lord. All was instantly confusion and uproar below the deck of the Saucy Jack.

At this juncture the major left his bed, with a pistol in his hand, and called out for a parley in a clear voice, which was heard above the loud affray. There was something so marked and impassioned in his manner, that he instantly commanded attention. He spoke thus:

"Gentlemen, however I lament the accidents of this night, I blame not myself. I warned you against disturbing my rest; you disregarded my caution, and must take the consequence. I deeply regret having, unintentionally, wounded Lieutenant Price, and am ready to make him every reparation in my power, and to offer him every apology an officer should demand or a man of honour give. As for Lieutenant Britton, I am not sorry for wounding him; my only regret is, that when I fired my pistol in the dark, he did not receive the ball in front, instead of in an oblique direction. If he feel himself aggrieved, I will give him satisfaction; but my weapons are those of a soldier and a gentleman. I fight not like a costermonger or a coal-porter: I am too old to receive a box, even if it be not aimed 'between

the eyes.' I will not submit to what you term *cobbed. Look here!*" said he, throwing back his shirt, and exhibiting his almost naked frame. Old as he was, it was evident that nature had modelled him in perfect manly symmetry. His skin was as white as alabaster; but it bore many a deep scar. He pointed to those marks, and said,—"Look here! This wound I got at Alexandria, in the forty-second, when that regiment annihilated the invincibles; this was given with a French musket-ball at Maida; these two in Spain; and this sabre-cut in France. Think you, gentlemen, with these vouchers for having done my duty, I will tamely suffer insult and degradation? No; rather than that shall take place, I'll send this schooner to the devil! I am not in jest. Just below me are eighteen barrels of powder, consigned by the owners of this vessel to the patriots: on the first assault on my person, I'll fire amongst the ammunition, and up we'll all go together; thus finishing the voyage with *éclat*, by paying a flying visit to the upper regions."

He cocked his pistol and depressed its muzzle, ready to make good his awful threat that instant. If there was any doubt of his resolution, his appearance set this doubt at rest. His body was

projected forward, so as to rest principally on the right foot, while his left toe touched the floor; his right finger was on the trigger, just touching it, without the slightest tremor; the pistol was pointed downwards towards the magazine; his left hand clenched; his nostrils distended; his look directed, like the pistol, downward; and the spirit of the great devil gleaming in his eye. I never saw so complete a picture of calm desperation.

"Major! for God's sake, major, 'twas a joke!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Be it considered a joke," said he, letting down the pistol to half-cock; "but do not carry the jest too far, if you do not wish to visit the upper regions."

"Give up the pistol!" said several naval passengers, advancing on him.

Instantly he recocked the pistol, held out his left hand, and said, "Stand off!" with a voice of thunder.

Again his looks became as stern as those of Satan, and the lunar observers stood back overawed. I now interposed.

"I hope, Major Glenlyon, you do not suppose that these German gentlemen and myself would put an indignity on you, or voluntarily suffer others to do it?"

"No, Dr. Arundell," said he; "you, and those German gentlemen, are men of honour."

"Then why play Guy Fawkes, and send us up into the air? We, perhaps, have no wish to go to the next world with the present respectable company. I am sure you must be aware that we have journeyed sufficiently long together on this globe. Come, come, uncock that pistol, and retire to your bed; we will pledge our honours to protect you."

Again he uncocked his pistol, took it in his left hand, placed his right in mine, and said,—

"Doctor, you are a gentleman: nothing better can be said of the Prince Regent; nothing worse shall ever be said in my hearing of Warner Arundell, while M'Donald Glenlyon can hold a sword, or draw a trigger. Good night. I'll carry this with me to bed, but will only use it defensively."

Saying this, the major went to his berth, and the rest of the passengers moved off, either to rest or to talk over the events of the night.

As Jenkins went to his dormitory, he said, "This looked more like a *tragedie* than a pony-race."

I have related at length the above events, because they were the most serious in their consequences of any of the practical jokes played off

on board the Saucy Jack; but, unless during a storm, not a day, and seldom an hour, passed without the occurrence of similar pieces of buffoonery.

CHAPTER V.

"And then we cotched the trade-winds, and over the line we runs;
When Neptune cummed on board, to shave his younger sons."

Sailors' Song.

"Fué por luna y volvio trasquilado."

CERVANTES.

At length we approached the tropic of Cancer. It has been the custom for centuries to shave, as it is termed, those who cross for the first time the tropic, unless the vessel is to pass the equator, in which case the shaving is deferred until the equator be traversed.

This absurd custom originated with the bucaniers. These men pretended that, when they passed the tropics, they were no longer subjects of any European power. Hence their proverb, "No peace beyond the line." But the free-booters called themselves the children of Neptune: they had a ceremony, over which they supposed that deity presided. One of the free-

booters came on board, dressed ludicrously as Neptune, and baptised his children. I have seen a manuscript, written in 1609, in possession of the descendant of one of the bucaniers, which describes this ridiculous and somewhat impious ceremony in such a way as to leave no doubt that the modern nautical saturnalia were derived from the old bucaniers. The oath administered by the freebooter, Neptune, not to eat biscuit while the party swearing could get wheaten bread, unless he preferred the biscuit; of never kissing the servant, when he could kiss the mistress, unless he liked the servant better, &c. &c., were, according to this manuscript, just the same as the oath administered by the representers of Neptune of the present day. During the last century, the sailors have kept up this mummery; "Because," say those excellent geographers, "while the ship is crossing the line the captain has no command, it being in neither latitude nor longitude." This idea reminds me of the prayer of the Irish emigrant in Canada:—"Lord have mercy on me, a miserable sinner! three thousand miles from my own country, and seventy-five miles from any where else!"

On the occasion of the Saucy Jack crossing the tropic, much preparation was made; but these saturnalia were to differ from all others of the

sort; insomuch that, as it is usual for the parts of Neptune, Amphitrite (or, as the old sailors call her, Mrs. Neptune), the Tritons, or Neptune's barber and barber's clerk, and other *dramatis personæ* of this salt-water mummery, to be played by the foremast men on this occasion,—it was agreed that the *rôles* should be filled by such of the naval passengers as had crossed the line, and that none who had not passed the tropic should be allowed to escape shaving by paying a fine. This displeased the common seamen, as it prevented their getting some little perquisites from the sons of Neptune.

The night before we expected to cross the tropic, Beadle had stowed himself away in a boat amidships, to avoid being pelted with potatoes, which happened to be the gentle diversion of that evening. Under that boat the principal actors of the forthcoming drama consulted how to perform their parts. They agreed that, in addition to the usual rough frolics practised on these occasions, the most revolting additions should be made; and that the major, the two Germans, and myself, were to be singled out to be shaved with great severity. Beadle communicated this to me, and I immediately set on foot a counter-plot. The major and Germans I could depend on to back me; the rest of the military,

and such of the naval passengers as had not crossed the tropic, promised to aid me. Trevallion, who in most disputes stood neutral, now took my side, so that I was well supported; while Neptune's party could muster but eleven hands, including Britton, who was too recently wounded to be of any assistance to them.

By my advice, we all secretly sent trifling presents that night to the seamen and stewards, telling them that certain passengers had taken the shaving into their own hands, but that we did not wish to deprive them of their accustomed perquisites. The men were thankful; and I, by this manœuvre, succeeded in gaining their neutrality, if not their friendship.

The next morning, at breakfast, I called the attention of the whole of the passengers; and said, as it was customary that passengers should be shaved when they first crossed the line, or pay a forfeit, we preferred the latter. I said, for my own part, I was born southward of the tropic — consequently, must have passed it; nevertheless, I was willing to pay the forfeit.

"No forfeits shall be accepted," said Purcell; you shall all be shaved, by G—d!"

"We shall see that," said I. "He who lays hands on me may meet with *keener* usage than he expects. Once more I caution you against

molesting us, or you'll get lathered and shaved yourselves."

My caution was laughed at; and the captain advised me to submit, for the sake of the Lord.

"Captain Canter," said Major Glenlyon, "let me advise you, in the forthcoming affray, to stand neutral, unless you wish to be made accountable for the acts of these men. If you interfere in the slightest degree, the moment I get ashore, you must meet me as a man of honour."

"And me, also," added I, "should the major fall."

This threat had the effect of securing the neutrality of Captain Canter.

Noon arrived; and several of Neptune's party stuck a hair across their spy-glasses, in order to make the lubbers who looked through them believe that the line was visible on the horizon. We were ordered below. This order it was not our design to oppose. Down we went; and the farce commenced.

"Schooner, ahoy!" said a voice in the main chains.

"Ay, ay!" replied the skipper.

"What are you? whence come you? and whither bound?"

"The Saucy Jack, from Portsmouth, bound

to South America, with passengers to liberate Columbia."

"I took you," said Neptune, "for a transport, going to Botany Bay with a cargo of convicts."

This sally of Neptune caused a laugh. It was, however, a calumny on those

"Who left their country, for their country's good."

"Rule Britannia" was now struck up by two flutes; and his godship appeared on deck. The flutes then played one of Dibdin's songs, commencing "Daddy Neptune one day;" and I recognised Lieutenant Jack's turkey-cock gabble, trying to sing "The tight little island." Neptune was rigged out with three sheep-skins, had a swab over his head, by way of a wig, and looked sublimely ridiculous. This part was played by that most ludicrous-looking man, Jenkins. The Tritons were dressed with equal elegance.

"Can you give me something to drink?" said his godship.

Canter gave him a square case bottle, which held three pints of rum. Neptune held it to his lips, and emptied a third of it at the first pull. He drew a long breath, and then renewed his draught. The Tritons now interfered, in order

to get their share. Neptune resisted their claim: in about two minutes he drank the whole.

The effects of this were instantly visible: he squinted awfully; looked, as we say, nine ways for Sunday; talked thick, and hiccupped every third word. This act of inebriety afflicted him for five days with *delirium tremens*.

"Have you (hiccup) any of my children on board?" said the staggering Neptune, in a falsetto voice.

"Here is a list of them," said the captain, handing him a paper.

"Let's have a squint at your list," said Neptune.

In truth, he did squint at it. After a hiccup or two, he said, in two voices—one bass, the other high falsetto—"I see you have plenty of (hiccup) cockneys on board. I don't like them (hiccup), because they took me in. They made me pay (hiccup) four shillings to see a (hiccup) *tragedie*, and shewed me a pony-race. And who have we here? one Dr. Arundell (hiccup). Why, he's a creole: one of those (hiccup) who live by eating (hiccup) crabs; and when they die, the (hiccup) crabs eat them. Bring up the (hiccup) doctor, to begin with."

Down came three of the Tritons—Purcell was one—and seized me.

"Hands off, gentlemen," said I, "or you'll repent it."

They were hurrying me towards the companion ladder, when, at a signal agreed on, my party rushed on them, overpowered them instantly, forced them into three chairs, gagged, and well bound them. Immediately their hair was cut close, and their heads lathered. We now cautioned the Tritons not to stir, or the razors would cut them. In the course of a few minutes their heads were shaved so clean, that they looked like gigantic billiard-balls. All this time the hatchway was closed by our own party, to prevent succour being afforded to the barber's clerks. At a given signal, four buckets of water, provided for the occasion, were emptied on the Tritons; and they were sent up with our compliments to Neptune and his party, and a message to the effect, that we had set up a new shaving establishment, on our own account, below; and if any one wished to descend, we would give them a shave "free, gratis, and for nothing."

Your amateurs of horseplay seldom like to have their jokes turned on themselves. Purcell and his companions, according to Sancho, went abroad for wool, and returned shorn. I never saw men so crest-fallen as they looked.

As soon as the hatchway was opened, Neptune himself staggered down, and endeavoured to seize the major. To overpower Jenkins was no difficult matter, far gone as he was in liquor. We forced him into a chair, but his head was even then too elevated to be operated on, by reason of his unnatural length of body: he was laid on the floor, his body supported, and we clipped his locks, not liking to shave him for fear of accidents, he being too drunk to keep his head steady. He struggled hard, and, at length, lay exhausted on the floor, and I ordered his cravat to be loosened. He was completely helpless.

Those on deck called on the crew of the vessel to assist them; but the latter refused, finding that we were too numerous for them, and not wishing to get their heads shorn. The rest of Neptune's party desisted from their abortive attempt; and thus ended the shaving on board the Saucy Jack.

I took advantage of this event, and organised a society for the suppression of practical jokes, called, "*Tar and Feathers.*" We kept a bucket of tar ready *in terrorem,* telling the admirers of sky-larking that the first person who should practise any improper jest should be tarred and feathered. This kept them in awe for three days; the fourth, Purcell stole some cowhage

out of the medicine-chest, and attempted to place it in the berth of one of the Germans, which would have tortured the foreigner at night. He was caught in the fact, and told he would be tarred and feathered. To avoid this, he carried a loaded pistol about him. In the evening, as he was descending the companion-ladder, three buckets of water were thrown on him. He drew his pistol; but, being wet, it would not go off. We now overcame him, stripped him naked, painted his body with tar, and emptied a whole pillow of feathers on him; at the same time informing the rest of the naval passengers, that we would serve all in the same way who should attempt any improper joke.

This act had the desired effect: it put a complete stop to "taking lunars."

A culinary proverb says, "Too many cooks spoil the broth:" in our case, too many sailors spoiled the voyage. At the beginning of the passage, the naval gentlemen formed themselves into watches, to assist in navigating the schooner; hence the crew had little to do — that little they neglected. The mate was as careless a young man as ever skulked from his duty; the captain was generally locked up in his state-room with his wife: hence, the schooner was managed, or mismanaged, by the passengers. How we arrived safely is wonderful, considering the way the Saucy

Jack was navigated. Often, in the Western Ocean, have I gone on deck in the night when not a sailor was to be seen,—the *gentlemen* kept watch by caulking the deck (sleeping on the deck),—save the steersman, who, being drunk, was keeping the schooner's head due north, at the time when our course lay south-west; in other words, going to North America, when we wished to go to the West Indies. The mate came to me one morning, and asked if I had been on deck in the night? I said I had.

"At what rate," inquired he, "was the schooner going?"

I replied, I had no opportunity of knowing, having had a bucket of water thrown on me, which immediately obliged me to go below to change my dress. He asked another, who said, when he was on deck, he thought she was going at the rate of six knots.

"I'll give her six all night," said the careful mate.

The fact was, he had slept during his watch, and, of course, never hove the log.

To those who live at home at ease, it may be well that I inform them that the log is a small piece of wood, by means of which, a knotted line, and a minute or half-minute glass, the rate of a ship's sailing is ascertained. At the beginning of the voyage, the mate reported the schooner

to be going eight knots, or miles, an hour. Trevallion looked at the sea with an experienced eye, and declared his doubts of the vessel's going so fast. He hove the log himself, and found eight knots run out. Notwithstanding this, he persisted that she was not going so fast, but said the line must be too short, or the glass too long, or both. He was right in the last surmise—both the line and the glass were defective.

A vessel navigated with such shameful negligence as was the Saucy Jack could not be where the dead reckoning made her, unless by wonderful chance. Her latitude was easily to be found, by means of a solar observation with the quadrant; but, as we were without a chronometer, her longitude was attempted to be taken by lunar observations. Now, whether those who took the lunars really understood observing the angular distance between the moon and a fixed star, or not—for it is a nice operation; or, whether they did not make the voluminous calculations necessary, I cannot say. Perhaps they possessed the requisite skill, but thought more of skylarking than observing the planets, and of rum-drinking than of consulting the Nautical Almanack. Certain I am, that their lunar observations gave the same longitude to the vessel as the captain's dead reckoning. He praised their skill, because it

coincided with his calculations; they complimented his accuracy, because he agreed with their lunar observations; and all parties were two hundred and eighty-seven leagues from the mark, owing to bad steering, short log-lines, and long minute-glasses.

Were these memoirs to be read by nautical men as mere fiction, the above statements would be pronounced too improbable for romance. All I need say on the subject is, that there are alive, at present, three persons in Trinidad who can vouch for the accuracy of my statement. I should have paused before I related these facts; but, lately, I was told that a vessel crossed the Atlantic, with the intention of going to the West Indies. She ran, passed the whole of the islands, and never stopped until she crossed the Gulf of Mexico, and went to Louisiana; but I suppose she had not any of the Saucy Jack's lunar observers on board.

On the seventy-seventh day of our voyage, the dead-reckoning was up, and our longitude was run down, according to the naval passengers; but—alas for the credit of their skill!—no land appeared. We had certainly run more than the distance between England and the West Indies; but we had not run the right way. All day we sailed on, and in the evening land was

announced a-head. Trevallion, who happened to be only half-tipsy, said, "That is such land as you may shove your thumb through. It's 'Cape Fly-away.'" The others remarked, that it must be land, because it agreed with the dead-reckoning and lunar observations. Night set in, and the cautious captain hove the vessel to for fear of running past the island in the night; hence, we lay to 800 miles to the eastward of land. Morning came, and the land of the preceding night melted into thin air.

The schooner was again sped on her way. We ran all day, and at night another cloud acted the part of 'Cape Fly-away.' Again we lay to for land, which vanished as morning dawned. A third time was this most ridiculous farce repeated. In the morning the land was not to be seen. The lunar observers, and the skipper, looked crest-fallen; and the military passengers asked them if the moon was within observing distance.

In the evening, that marine Will-o'-the-wisp, 'Cape Fly-away,' played his pranks again: a cloud was declared "land a-head." We did not heave to, because there was not a breath of air stirring,—"A sure sign," said the skipper, "that we were close to one of the islands, because it was the land-calm." I said I never heard of the land-calm before. The skipper employed

thorough English logic to convince me he was right—he offered to lay a wager. So confident were the naval passengers that they were but a few miles from land, that they let down a boat. Eight of them got in, taking a compass and, of course, a quantity of grog ; but when they had pulled about eight miles from the vessel, what Captain Canter called the land-calm ceased, and a violent succession of squalls blew. They were glad to hurry on board the schooner, where they arrived at midnight, worn out with fatigue.

The next day, we wished to speak several vessels we saw ; but, conceiving, I suppose, the Saucy Jack was a suspicious-looking craft, they ran from us, and our schooner was too dull a sailor to come up with them. The following day, however, we spoke an American brig, who gave us the right longitude ; although, I dare swear, the ignorant Yankees had not one on board capable of taking a lunar like the passengers of the Saucy Jack. Finally, on the eighty-fourth day of our eventful voyage, we passed the Angeda passage.

That night, with the Virgin Islands full in view, the candidates for commissions in the Colombian navy took several most beautiful lunar observations ; and fairly demonstrated that the rock of Sombrero was precisely in the same lon-

gitude that it was at the time every chart on board was engraved. At the end of our voyage to St. Thomas's, the captain measured the log-line, and, as Trevallion surmised, found it too short. He compared the minute-glasses with his watch, and found a great deal too little sand in them. This precaution of measuring the line and ascertaining the inaccuracy of the glasses, after we were in sight of land, will be applauded by nautical men.

The next day we entered the port of St. Thomas, where old Mendez told us we should meet with a Columbian agent.

CHAPTER VI.

"Repelled from port to port, they sue in vain,
And track, with slow unsteady sail, the main."

LEYDEN.

SCARCELY had we entered the harbour of St. Thomas's before the harbour-master came on board. He was a Dane; but, like most well-educated men of his nation, spoke English. He informed us that the Columbian agent had left the island, and that the cause of the Republicans was desperate; insomuch that it would be madness for us to join them. This was heavy news for us: most on board were destitute of the means of returning to England.

The harbour-master, however, told us that there was a resident of the island, although at that moment absent, who was a Jew merchant: he had lent considerable sums to the Columbians; he was momentarily expected to return; and, doubtless, would assist us, and give us counsel how to proceed.

The Dane further informed us, that a brig, with volunteers for South America, had arrived a few weeks before us; and the passengers, having landed, behaved so badly,— boxing, duelling, rioting, drinking, and getting in debt,— that the governor would not allow us to land. In vain we pleaded that St. Thomas's was a free port, and that the Saucy Jack was under British colours, from a British port, with British papers: the harbour-master said, such were the imperative orders of the governor. He further told the captain to anchor between Blackbeard's Fort and a large Danish frigate, the Minerva. He told us our motions would be watched by the frigate, and cautioned us against going ashore, unless we wished to be fired at by the man-of-war.

The captain said that, in consequence of the length of the voyage, we were short of water. The harbour-master wrote a note, and sent it by his own boat on board the Minerva. In half-an-hour, two boats, rowed by a set of stout, red-haired Danes, came alongside, with six puncheons of good water, which the captain caused to be pumped into our own casks.

The captain of the frigate came on board, and we, in vain, remonstrated with him about the injustice of not allowing us to land. Our skipper

said we were all well-behaved gentlemen, and would act differently from our predecessors—(God forgive him for the assertion!)

Canter's anxiety to land us proceeded from a desire to get rid of us, in order that he might carry the schooner away and sell her, before she had performed her engagement of landing us in South America. This I afterwards learned. But his lie was thrown away—the Danes would not allow us to go ashore.

The fact was, the authorities at St. Thomas's, finding the cause of the Republicans desperate, wished to propitiate the Royalists, by whom they were, not without reason, suspected of favouring the opposite party.

The harbour-master, having heard several persons give me the title of doctor, inquired of me if I was in the medical profession? I answered in the affirmative. He told me that the yellow fever was raging ashore, and amongst the neighbouring islands; therefore, if I applied to land, my application would be granted, as the want of sufficient medical men was sorely felt ashore, and that I should meet with great encouragement in St. Thomas's. All I had to do, was to submit to a few questions from the medical society; and, if my answers were approved, they would grant me a license to practise.

I desired a few moments to think about his proposition, and walked aside.

Purcell now stepped up to me, and said,—"You cannot go ashore, doctor."

"What is to hinder me?"

"Honour, sir; that is, if you have any. You have beaten me—you have caused my head to be shaved—you got me tarred and feathered. Go ashore on this island; you know I cannot follow you: go, and thus skulk from giving me the satisfaction my injuries demand."

"Enough, sir," said I; "I will continue with the schooner until the end of the voyage, although she should sail to the regions of the damned." I immediately went to the harbour-master, and told him I declined leaving the vessel.

Many will blame me for my conduct; I now blame myself. I owed Purcell no satisfaction; he had behaved like a blackguard, and I merely treated him as he deserved: but, to be accused of skulking from a duel through fear, was not to be borne by a man of my age, spirit, and education. From my infancy I had been taught to believe that none but poltroons feared duelling, and that cowardice was more disgraceful even than murder. The inculcation of such maxims on my young mind was not to be wondered at;

for, according to a tradition preserved in our family, an Arundell was the first who brought into fashion duelling with pistols. The tradition alluded to ran thus.

Early in the seventeenth century, André de Rossey, a French freebooter of dauntless courage, used to associate with Dutch and English rovers, for the purpose of plundering their mutual enemies, the Spaniards; but he seldom sailed long in company with any of their vessels before he contrived to quarrel with, and kill, some of his associates. His practice was to challenge the parties to meet him at the first place of landing, leaving the choice of arms to the challenged; but, such was his dexterity in the use of all sorts of steel weapons employed by the bucaniers, from the long boarding-pike, to the short poniard; from the light rapier, to the common matcheti; from the French épée, to the Spanish espadron,—that, choose what arms his opponents would, De Rossey always killed them. He slew, in single combat, more than thirty men. My ancestor, Christopher Arundell, having incurred the anger of André, the latter challenged him to go on shore at Tortuga, and decide their difference by mortal combat, leaving the choice of weapons to the Englishman. Arundell went on shore, and brought a pair of pistols, as the arms with which

he chose to decide the combat. The Frenchman demurred at this innovation of the ordinary rules of duelling; for, up to that period, fire-arms had never been used on such occasions. Christopher threatened De Rossey to put the greatest indignity on him if he refused to fight with pistols. Finally, pistols were employed. At the first discharge, Arundell shot the terrible Frenchman through the heart; hence, in most private combats amongst the freebooters, pistols were the arms afterwards resorted to, as being less unfair than any other weapons. Finally, this mode of settling affairs of honour was adopted in most *civilised* and *Christian* countries. I mention this family tradition, because it influenced my determination of meeting Purcell.

The harbour-master left us. As evening set in, the moon rose, and shed her placid light on the beautiful bay, crowded town, and sterile hills, of St. Thomas's. How different was the scenery, compared to the broad and monotonous face of the ocean, which I had viewed for the last three months! I enjoyed the change, as I walked the deck.

I went to bed late; and, notwithstanding my bad prospects, slept soundly. In the morning I was awoke by a gun, fired from the Danish frigate. Scarcely were my eyes opened, before

I heard the cocks crowing on shore. I instantly recollected where I was, and felt the bad tidings of the previous day more deeply than before: this sensation I have often experienced. When calamity first comes on us, it stuns us like a heavy blow; it is after a night's sleep that we feel the effects of evil news.

Early in the morning a boat left the shore, and made towards our vessel; she was intercepted by one from the Danish frigate, and ordered alongside, so narrowly were we watched. After being detained by the Minerva, the boat approached us. A passenger was seen in her, who was rightly conjectured to be the Jew merchant spoken of by the harbour-master. Half-a-dozen spy-glasses were levelled at him to catch what they called the cut of his jib. He was pronounced a handsome, dark-eyed little man. As he came within pistol-shot of the schooner, I thought I knew the person. I was right: he was my old fellow-passenger, Moses Fernandez. Our astonishment and joy at this unexpected meeting were mutual.

Fernandez gave us information that old Don Mendez was not the recognised agent of the Columbians, but, as he (Fernandez) suspected, a mere adventurer, leagued with the owners of the Saucy Jack and other vessels. But, he

added, if we went to the Main, our services would be acceptable to the republicans; and, although Mendez had no right to grant commissions, yet, in consequence of our shewing a willingness to serve them, the insurgent chiefs would, doubtless, give the appointments which Mendez had promised.

Fernandez seemed to think the cause of South America by no means so bad as the harbour-master described. The domination of Spain over her colonies might linger on for a few months, perhaps for a year or two; but the great South American continent must and would be free. At the same time he candidly admitted, that hope might somewhat influence his opinion, as he had embarked his fortune in the cause. He counselled our beating up to Trinidad, and obtaining the best advice and assistance we could from an agent of the Columbians we should meet with there; and whence we might easily get up the Orinoco, the Garapichie, or down to the island of Margarita, which were *pointes d'appui* of the insurgents.

After having given this information to the passengers in general, he took me aside and asked me in what capacity I came. When I told him, he seemed quite pleased; because he said the South Americans were more in want of

surgeons than naval and military adventurers, who came out to avoid a prison. He said this in a low voice, for he seemed somehow to guess the characters of my fellow-passengers. He gave me, in detail, much the same account of the progress of the revolution which he had given to the rest. He added,—

"I feel confident that the Lord of Hosts has ordained that the sun of America shall rise, while the blood-red star of persecuting Spain is setting. Yea, the proud Castilians, once so haughty that they would suffer none but themselves to navigate these seas, will, in a few years, be here destitute of a harbour to shelter their vessels from a storm. Brion, who, like me, is a Jew of Curaçoa, has already driven their fleet out of the Caribbean Sea. Spain, I say, will sink: the curse of the Twelve Tribes weighs her down. Arundell!" said the Israelite, in an impassioned tone, "I bear a Spanish name, and my fathers possessed rich and broad lands in Grenada, which bore the blessings of the earth,—corn, wine, and oil,—until, instigated by the rancorous priests, those preachers of humility, yet children of pride; those tongues of mercy, yet hands of blood—instigated by these bigots, she seized our lands and drove my ancestors from her soil, in the vain hopes of ending Judaism. Vain, vain

hopes! What, though in all her idolatrous temples a list of martyred Jews is exhibited? yet, even in the days when the flames of the *Auto da Fe* gleamed like the element of hell, could a Jew travel from the south of Spain to its northern extremity; and in every town, village, university, and even monastery, could he meet with his persecuted brethren, who held fast in the faith in which his fathers, for four thousand years, lived and died. Spain end the religion of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the prophets! No! the children of Israel shall be gathered by the Messiah into the land which Elohim gave to their sires, and will give again to them; and they shall worship Him in the third temple, the splendour of which shall surpass that of the first, although built by the wisdom of Solomon. At a time when the bears shall descend from the Pyrenees, and prowl in the deserted cities of Iberia, and when wolves shall howl in the ruins of the Escurial, Spain shall be what Tyre and Sidon are; when the Holy City shall rise into glory from mournful ruins, and when the curse of barrenness is removed from Judea!

"Yes," continued Fernandez, in an impassioned tone—his speech partook more of soliloquy than dialogue, insomuch that he seemed scarcely conscious that any one was listening to him, so

far had his feelings abstracted his reason — "yes," continued he, "thanks to the Lord of justice, Spain is falling! Already she is like a seeming goodly tree, whose heart is rotten. She persecuted the children of the covenant; she drove the learned Moors from her soil; she exterminated a whole race of God's creatures in this western world. But she prospered not. She brought gold into Europe, like as an ass carries precious metal: the richer were her galleons, the poorer became her children. She depopulated her mountains and valleys, to send her offspring to the New World; and she imported disease in return: and now her colonies turn against her, like as the children of the wicked rise against their parents; while a bigot—an embroiderer of petticoats—sits on her throne, to misdirect her energies during his life, and bequeath to her the curse of civil war at his death."

After saying this, Fernandez walked the deck hastily for some minutes, ere his emotion subsided. At length, he said,—

"Pardon me this abstraction, Mr. Arundell; but, since my youth, hatred of Spain has been my ruling passion. I have long plotted her downfall in this hemisphere, and I now see a prospect of my darling hopes being realised."

After this explanation he became calm. He

promised to send me, in the course of the day, letters of introduction to all the insurgent chiefs; with the whole of whom he was in correspondence. He then inquired into the state of my finances. I told him these were low enough; all I had was about nine dollars, which I got exchanged for a trifle at a shop of one of his tribe, at Common Hard, Portsmouth.

"Well," replied Fernandez, "when I send you off the letters, I will also remit you one hundred dollars, by way of a loan. No words of refusal or thanks; you will be able to pay me shortly, as I intend visiting the republican army. Remember, it will be a loan; although I will not take a Shylock-like mortgage, or a pound of your Christian flesh. One day or another you will be able to pay me; but, should I die before that day arrive, give the sum to the first poor despised Jew you meet, and tell him to place it in one of the boxes kept in all synagogues, to relieve the wretched Israelites who still, like ghosts, haunt the ruins of Jerusalem. Is there any thing else I can serve you in?"

I suggested that, from the length of our voyage, a little fruit would be acceptable. He made a note of it, and then took a formal leave of my fellow-passengers, and a friendly one of me, saying,—

"The Lord bless and preserve thee; the Lord make his face shine on thee, and give thee peace!"

Three hours after this, his clerk arrived on board with the promised letters, one hundred dollars, a large box of oranges, limes, shaddocks, and other kinds of citron, and a smaller box of pine-apples and other West Indian fruit. As this acceptable present was sufficient to last the whole of the passengers until we should arrive at Trinidad, I made a general distribution of the fruit. After having lived for three months on salt provisions, fruit is most luxurious: hence, my sharing the two boxes among the passengers got me into more favour with them than if I had given them a thousand dollars. Even the lunar observers said I was not a bad fellow after all; and I am told that Britton declared, "that the first man who said I was not a gentleman, he would give him one blow," &c.

After obtaining two more puncheons of water from the frigate, we, that afternoon, left the, to us, inhospitable island of St. Thomas's. We came alongside of a small uninhabited island, on which, we were told, the governor of St. Thomas's kept hogs. Several passengers volunteered to go ashore and shoot some. The schooner was hove to, a boat lowered, and pulled

to the island. In about an hour it returned, loaded with swine. I was not concerned in this robbery, but I partook of the pork; soothing my conscience with the reflection that my not eating the stolen meat would not benefit the owner of the pigs. I was a bad casuist, but I had a good appetite.

We had a long dead beat from St. Thomas's to Trinidad; but the behaviour of the passengers, in general, was comparatively orderly—for three reasons: first, the doubtful tidings we heard at St. Thomas's threw a damp on their animal spirits; secondly, the existence of the tar-and-feather club overawed the lunarians; and lastly, but not the least cause of tranquillity, the large quantity of bad rum we had was finished; so that, of necessity, we had what is now called a temperance society on board.

We were thirteen days beating up to Trinidad, so contrary was the wind, and so badly the schooner sailed. This length of passage did not displease those whose heads had been shaved, as it allowed their hair to grow; it being now more than five weeks since this operation was performed.

As we came to anchor off Port of Spain, a person named Hervey came on board. He had come out on a similar errand to the one which

brought us across the Atlantic, but had settled in the island. He gave us far more gloomy accounts than we heard at St. Thomas's. The agent we expected to meet had left the island, a ruined man. Angostura, up the Orinoco, had fallen into the hands of the royalists, and Margarita was now the only rallying point of the insurgents. The governor of Trinidad (Sir R. Woodford) sent us word that the cause of the rebels, as he called the patriots, was so desperate, that he thought it his duty to dissuade us from going to join them. And, if we promised not to do this, all those of the passengers who chose to remain in Trinidad, and were capable of exercising any trade or profession by which they might gain their living, should have all his interest to get employment. Such as chose to turn planters, he could easily obtain situations for; and for those who wished to return, he would endeavour to get them cheap or free passages to England. In the mean time, the government possessed a large unoccupied building, called Cumberland House, which Sir Ralph Woodford offered as a temporary dwelling. The governor only kept his word so far as related to Cumberland House. As soon as the mass of the passengers came ashore to reside, the governor took no further notice of them. But,

in justice to his memory, I must here observe, that the conduct of my fellow-passengers was sufficient apology for the neglect of Woodford. A daily repetition of such scenes as took place on board the Saucy Jack occurred at Cumberland House; with this addition, the unfortunate inmates were often without food: hence, they commenced a system of marauding on the neighbours for provisions. So many *fowl* robberies were committed, that poultry became scarce in that end of Port of Spain; until yellow fever and new rum thinned, most awfully, the passengers of the Saucy Jack.

But I anticipate. The passengers, before they would accept of the governor's proffered aid, desired to consult on the subject. We held a council of war on board the Saucy Jack. Gloom presided over our consultation; adversity seemed to weigh down the spirits of the whole, but particularly those who, during the passage, had been most turbulent: all looked and spoke with gravity. This was not the gravity of wisdom, but of disappointment and despair. Much was said, but nothing resolved on, until Trevallion spoke thus:—

"As we have been duped by the owners of the Saucy Jack, let us start with her to Margarita, and there get a privateer's commission,

and trade on our own account. There are plenty of arms and ammunition on board: these were intended as a speculation, but let us profit by them. We have six bull-dogs (pieces of ordnance) in the hold: these will be sufficient to rig out this schooner as a rover; and all the spare small arms we'll sell to the people of Margarita for provisions. We are enough of us to navigate and fight the sloop; and we are, thanks to old Mendez, men of desperate fortunes. There are enough of prizes to be found in this part of the world: if not, away we start to the South Seas, where we shall find plenty of Spanish ships, or vessels which look like them. True, the Saucy Jack is but a tub of a sailer; but the first better ship we take we'll sink the schooner. There is booty enough in the Pacific to make our fortunes in six months. True, we run a small chance of being taken; but who would not rather risk being shot, or strung up at a yard-arm, in obtaining a fortune, to remaining here as an object of charity? The yellow fever, or the yellow boys, for me! Hurra for a hundred-weight of gold, or an ounce of lead! Who say a rover's life, hold up their hands."

The address of Trevallion was suitable to the desperate fortunes of most on board. All, even the mate and regular crew of the vessel, held up

their hands, except myself. I begged to decline going with them, not wishing to introduce a gibbet into the escutcheon of the Arundells, by way of bend sinister. True, the first of my race that came into these seas was a rover; but he was so in different times, and with different men; for I foresaw that on board the Saucy Jack there would be too many officers, who, with the exception of courage, possessed not one quality necessary for an enterprise such as Trevallion proposed.

Having expressed my dissent, several persons asked me if I wished to discover their enterprise to the governor of Trinidad.

Before I could reply, Trevallion said, "That the doctor does not, or he wouldn't openly and fairly express his determination not to join us; however, I am sure he is too honourable a man to betray our secrets."

I pledged my word not to do this, and went on deck, leaving them to settle the minor arrangements of their wild undertaking. It was agreed that Trevallion was to command, and Canter was to be the first-lieutenant, if he chose to accept of the post. A deputation went to his state-room to consult with him, but he was not to be found. In a few minutes after this, the collector of his majesty's customs came on board with a picquet

of soldiers, and informed us that the schooner was seized for having arms on board contrary to law. Her anchor was taken up, and she was moored right under the guns of the old Spanish fort, whence escape was hopeless. This, in a moment, put an end to the notable scheme of Trevallion, took away the enthusiasm from the passengers, and restored their despondency.

The history of the seizure of the vessel was this:—Canter, as soon as he heard the proposal of Trevallion to carry off the schooner, went ashore unseen by us, and offered a custom-house officer a small bribe to allow him to land certain arms and ammunition he had on board the Saucy Jack, confessing, in pretended confidence, that he had no legal title to have them.

Sir Robert Walpole said every man had his price. The truth of this axiom was known to Canter, for he knew all the weak points of human nature; he, therefore, was aware, that if you offer a man much less than his price, he feels it as an attack on his honour and dignity. Thus, one who, for ten thousand pounds, would betray his friend, would resent, as a deep insult, an offer of one hundred pounds as the price of his honour: hence, the commander of the Saucy Jack promised a bribe to the custom-house officer much less in amount than the said officer could

obtain as his share of the booty, were the vessel seized. The result was, that the officer promised Canter to wink at his landing the contraband arms; but, a few minutes after, he caused the schooner to be seized. He did his duty — because it coincided with his interest.

By the humanity of the collector, the passengers of the vessel were allowed to go ashore with their luggage. No sooner were we out of the Saucy Jack, than, as if a sudden recollection had occurred to Canter, he went into his cabin, and produced the copy of an order in council, which fully authorised the schooner to carry arms and ammunition. The custom-house gentlemen scrutinised this paper, and were obliged to confess that they had no right to put the broad arrow on her. That mark was taken off, and the disappointed collector missed his prey. The fact was, the whole seizure was a manœuvre of the captain to get quit of the passengers, and prevent their committing the villany of carrying her off, by performing the meditated robbery himself.

He started with the vessel that evening, sold her, together with her cargo, to the patriots, pocketed the money, let the crew shift for themselves, and went to the United States—

"To add one freeman more, America, to thee."

Thus the owner took in the passengers, the passengers wished to retaliate, but Captain Canter was too keen for both parties. What became of this respectable character in America I never heard. Brother Jonathan is no advocate for capital punishment, or I'd wager, that before Captain Canter dies, he will be an *exalted* character. Should he ever return to England, he will not die in a horizontal position.

CHAPTER VII.

"Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it."

King Lear.

"Ducunt ad seria nugæ."

HORACE.

ON going ashore, I found that my old friend Dr. Lopez had left the colony.

Not wishing to join the assembly at Cumberland House, I took up my residence at a tavern kept by Fanny Nibbs, in Port of Spain. The first morning of my residence there, I had a visit from Beadle. His request astonished me: it was, that I should stand his friend in a duel between himself and Lieutenant Jenkins, whom, it appeared, little Beadle discovered to be the person who was the principal in the disgraceful transaction of dragging him out of his bed, and suspending him by the heel, on board the schooner. I thought this delicate youth, with his girlish face, the last person who would have recourse to fighting. Often, when practising with a pistol during our passage, he used to quit

the deck, declaring himself too nervous to hear fire-arms go off without starting; and, I believe, up to this moment he had never exploded an ounce of gunpowder in his life. But, notwithstanding his feminine appearance and weak nerves, he was not a coward, as the result proved. I informed him that I would have been his second, but that, from some expressions which fell from Purcell, I myself momentarily expected a hostile message from him. Beadle left me, to seek old Major Glenlyon.

About two hours after this, as I expected, I was waited on by Lieutenant Jack, who handed me a written challenge from Purcell; a postscript of the letter containing the challenge, stated that the lieutenant was to attend as his (Purcell's) friend.

I asked Jack about the time and place of meeting. He told me that the laws of Trinidad were most severe against duelling; but that, in the Gulf of Paria, and about thirty miles from the Port of Spain, lay an islet, called Lospatos, which, being neither in this jurisdiction nor owned by the Spaniards, was commonly made a place of hostile meeting by persons living on both sides of the Gulf.* He proposed that the next

* It is now considered as part of the colony of Trinidad.

morning we should go thither in a sailing-boat: further, that Jenkins and Beadle, who also were about to "turn out," should accompany us. Thus we should form a hostile *parti quarré*. To this I agreed; and, having appointed the place where the boat was to start before daybreak next morning, the lieutenant left me.

I called on Trevallion, who consented to act as my second. I had an excellent pair of Mortimer's pistols in my trunk, which we agreed should be used on the occasion. Trevallion dined with me; and, after dinner, we walked out together.

Gloomy as were my prospects, I could not but admire the noble scenery by which we were surrounded, and the marked improvements which had been effected in the appearance of the country by the present governor. We walked into the country until we came to the plantation that, a few years since, was the property of Don Thomaso and my uncle George. We were kindly received by the present proprietor, who shewed us all over the estate, telling us what a bad planter his predecessor was, and what improvements he had made; above all, he tried to impress us with a magnificent idea of what an extraordinary crop he was going to make next year. He did not know me, for, since the death

of my uncle, the plantation had passed through a dozen hands; but every proprietor was ruined by purchasing it, although every merchant that negociated its affairs got rich.

At a late hour in the evening we arrived at Mrs. Nibbs's tavern. I persuaded Trevallion to sleep in the same chamber with me, lest he should be visited by an evil spirit, which often haunts Europeans in the West Indies, called *tafia*. As the name of this spirit is not to be found in King James's book on demonology, I must acquaint the English reader that it is better known by the denomination of new rum.

A little before daylight next morning, we were at the place appointed for embarking to Lospatos. Early as we were, I found the companions of my voyage waiting for me. These were, Purcell and his second; Beadle and his friend, the major; Jenkins was attended by Britton: finally, there were Trevallion and myself. We got into the boat hired for the occasion, hoisted sail, and, with a light breeze, steered towards Lospatos. We were a mile or two from shore ere day opened.

During the first part of our little voyage Purcell slept; but sudden starts and mutterings rendered it evident that he enjoyed not tranquil slumber. From the relation in which I stood to

him, I could not appear to notice him minutely; yet, now and then, as I cast a glance at him, I could not but observe that his ruddy features appeared flushed, and were quivering, as though he suffered extreme mental or bodily pain; and now and then a deep sigh escaped the sleeper.

Lieutenant Jack once shook him: he opened his bloodshot eyes, and, with a bewildered stare, looked around him.

"What is the matter with you?" said his friend; "have you been drinking?"

"Did you not see him?" said Purcell.

"Him! who?"

"Why, my father! How he shook those gray locks at me, which I brought with sorrow to the grave!"

"Lie down, my good fellow, and, if possible, sleep off this ill-timed intoxication."

Again Purcell lay down on his back in the bottom of the boat, and soon commenced snoring, as though he were stifling. I whispered Trevallion that it was necessary to untie his black cravat, turn him over on his side, and raise his head, as he lay in an uncomfortable position. My advice was followed; he ceased snoring, but commenced muttering in his perturbed sleep.

His murmurings were, at first, inarticulate; he paused for about half a minute, and said plainly,—

"That curse again! Is it not enough the old man died cursing me, but he must come over the great ocean, after he is dead, to repeat his curse, now he knows I am about to die?"

He started violently, and opened his eyes. After looking wildly around, he said,—

"Is it not strange the old man won't let me rest? But both he and I never forgave ——"

Lieutenant Jack shook his head; he appeared under an impression that Purcell was the worse for liquor. I perceived that he was under the influence of fever, which caused a determination of blood to the head, and consequently he was delirious: in fact, he was attacked with that disease which, for want of a better name, is called yellow fever. He was just such a subject as this demon would mark for his victim; he being plethoric, sanguine, and of intemperate habits. Such were my speculations; but I was obliged to keep them to myself.

While I was looking intently at him, Lieutenant Jack observed me, but misconstrued my thoughts.

"I fear," said he, "that my friend will not be in a fit state to meet you; and therefore, to

prevent disappointing you, I shall be obliged to take his place — that is, if you have no objection to me as his substitute."

I bowed courteously low. Gentlemen should be extremely polite to each other when arranging their amiable plans to blow each other's brains out.

The sun had risen high in the heavens, and was intensely hot, as we neared Lospatos. Purcell slept, muttering continually: now and then we caught a word or two of what he articulated. His sleep seemed to be disturbed with the recollections of his father's having cursed him. As we were entering the little harbour of the islet, he woke and called for drink.

"You seem to have had too much drink already," said his friend,

"Give me water!" cried Purcell. "I don't want your cursed grog, which tastes like a river of hell! Give me clear, cool, blessed water. Oh, would to God my gullet were the channel of the Thames!"

A large calabash of water was given to him, which he could not be sa i to drink: he swallowed it with such avidity, that the glucking noise caused by his throat sounded louder than that of a thirsty horse.

The boat was run aground and secured: we

went ashore. Purcell asked what we came here for, but immediately replied to his own question,—

"Yes, yes, I now recollect; I came here to be shot by that fellow, Arundell. I see now the cause that made the old man appear three times to me in the boat. However, you will allow me to say my prayers before you shoot me, doctor: no one kills a man without allowing him to pray. Those who are run up at the yard-arms are allowed to see the chaplain before they die."

Saying this, he walked, with an unsteady step, until he got under a sand box-tree, where he kneeled and repeated various snatches of supplication; running one part of the Book of Common Prayer into another. His friend watched him intently. It was evident that he now saw he was not drunk; but the lieutenant believed his principal insane.

While he was at his wild devotion, the seconds proposed that the duel between Beadle and Jenkins should be decided. Ten paces were the distance agreed on. While this was being measured, Jenkins commenced to draw the outlines of a ship on the sand, with a cane he held in his hand. The pistols were loaded and placed in the hands of the parties. Just before the word "fire" was to be given, Beadle, as if suddenly recollecting himself, cried out,—

" Hold, for one minute!"

He then took out of his pocket a letter.

" Send this," said the young man; " it is addressed to my poor mother. Inclose it in a letter of your own; and I beg of you to say that I am no more. But don't, for God's sake, tell her the disgraceful death I am to die. Poor old soul! she will not long survive the news of my death! But don't break her heart suddenly, letting her know that I died in a drunken broil. I am her only, her darling son: she sold all her trinkets to provide me with a passage; and I came on this accursed expedition because I hoped to make a fortune, in order to render her old age and widowhood comfortable. But God's will be done — or rather the devil's! for we are here on an unblessed business. But no matter."

Tears were stealing down the poor little fellow's cheeks, when I interfered, and said,—

" For the sake of Heaven, gentlemen, proceed no further in this business! Lieutenant Jenkins, I am sure, will make an apology for his bad joke, which Mr. Beadle, for the sake of his widowed mother, will accept; and "——

Here Jenkins interrupted me. He was still employed drawing his ship on the sand. He looked up, and said,—

"None of your slack-jaw, doctor; I did not come here to make apologies."

"Nor I to receive them," firmly replied Beadle.

It was agreed that Britton should give the word to fire. I stood aside, to observe the appearance of the parties. The ludicrous features of Jenkins had a trait of doggedness, otherwise they were of the same comic cast. I saw that those of Beadle seemed pale, and I could even observe a slight blue tinge on his lips; but he seemed firm and collected. He appeared conscious that he stood on the brink of eternity; but he still stood firmly. He exhibited a strong instance of constitutional timidity conquered by moral courage. Britton gave the word "fire!" Both pistols were discharged the same instant; both pistols fell to the ground together; and, at one and the same moment, Beadle fell forward on his face, and Jenkins sprang up high, and came down on the sand: his ball had passed through the temple of the apothecary, while the ball of Beadle had passed through the aorta of the lieutenant. A brief pang of agony, and Beadle was no more: after a violent, but short tremor, the heart of Jenkins ceased to beat. Scarcely an ounce of blood stained the sand of Lospatos, on

which lay the corpses of the late enemies, who were both sent, at the same moment, to answer to their Creator for their enmity.

Thus fatally ended a dispute originating in a cruel joke. We all stood astounded at the awful, unprecedented, and unexpected result of this affair. It was known to us all that Jenkins was one of the worst shots on board the Saucy Jack; and, for the little apothecary, I believe the shot which sent his adversary into eternity was the only one he ever fired.

Lieutenant Jack, the major, Trevallion, and Britton, stood paralysed at the dreadful result of the duel. I staggered, and should have fallen, if I had not caught hold of a mangrove-branch. All visible objects — the sun, the Gulf, the clouds, the sands on which I stood, and the trees, seemed to whirl rapidly round with me; until I shut my eyes, and felt a cold perspiration oozing out of every pore of my frame, a deadly sickness of stomach, a difficulty of breathing, and a dimness of vision.

Gradually my senses returned, but I was confused: a vain hope arose in my mind, viz. that all I had witnessed for the last five minutes was a horrible dream. I let go the branches of the mangrove-tree, and passed my hand across my

eyes to wipe the big sweat-drops that had fallen on them from my brow. This done, the accursed objects,— the bodies of the slain men, who, but a few moments before, were in life and health,— came on my vision. Oh, how I wished that I had been drowned ere I reached the hated shores of Lospatos!

Long minutes fled, and we scarcely changed our position. Now and then we gazed on the two corpses, and then looked at each other and shuddered. Suddenly we were aroused from our lethargy by Purcell, who, with the looks of a demoniac, rushed amongst us.

"Ha, ha!" said he, "both fallen! both at the same time have finished their voyage, and know in what latitude hell lies! The old man told me this would happen, the last time he appeared in the boat. And look aloft, there! Do you not see that?"

He pointed above, and we cast our eyes upwards to the clouds to which his finger was directed.

"Do you not see," said the delirious man,— "do you not see my old father's frowning features, and his hand pointing upwards — don't you see it?"

We all remarked that one of the noon-tide clouds of the tropics, which hung over Lospatos,

had assumed the form of a gigantic profile of a human face; and, just above it, another fantastic roll of vapour had curled itself into the delineation of a hand, with a finger pointing upwards. Of course, imagination aided this vaporous formation; yet so remarkable was this cloudy portraiture, that it struck us all, at the same moment, as bearing a striking resemblance to a human visage and hand.

"See! see how the old boy frowns on us all! and see, where his finger points aloft, to where, in fiery letters, is written his curse! I never knew that a vindictive old father's curse would be logged in the sky. Oh, that my poor mother had not died before him! Would she not, think you, have dissuaded the old man from having his malediction against her favourite child written in heaven? An enraged father knows not pity; but a poor mother will plead at the throne of heaven, like an angel, for an erring child. Oh, my poor mother! would that I could lay my head on your bosom: a tear from your eye would quench the hell-flames burning on my brow!"

He pressed his hands to his burning temples, as a flash of lightning rent the clouds which had acted upon his imagination, and glared on the dismal, ill-omened island. At the same instant a

long peal of thunder roared over Lospatos, and was echoed from the Gulf.

"Hark!" said the delirious man, "how the old fellow howls at me! I'll hide myself in the sea!"

He made two or three hurried steps towards the water; but, his strength failing him, he fell on the sand.

We carried him into the boat, and covered him with a sail, by way of awning. I moistened his lips with a little water, and he became less turbulent. He yet muttered about his father's curse; so terribly had it taken possession of his imagination. I felt his pulse, and found he had so violent a fever that its beating could not be counted.

The appearance of several vultures, winging their gloomy way from Trinidad, and approaching to where the bodies were lying, called our attention to them. Silently we drew near, drove off the carrion birds, and turned the face of the dead upwards. Both the countenances of the slain men bore the marks of extreme agony: their cadaverous looks were sickening to behold. We cut a few mangrove sticks, with which we made a deep hole in the sand, above high-water mark, in which we placed the bodies of Jenkins

and Beadle, and covered them with the sand we dug from out the grave. Now and then, a short ejaculation, or brief supplication for mercy, broke as it were involuntarily from us. Our prayers were not for the dead: our devotion was selfish.

None of us had that day tasted food. Our little store of provisions, laid in for this inauspicious voyage, was now produced. Some of us ate a little, but complained that the viands had no taste; they, however, drank less sparingly. I could swallow nothing but water. Few words were spoken, none wasted. We seemed, to use the expression of Wordsworth,

"All silent, and all damned."

We rose to depart. Lieutenant Jack addressed me thus:—

"From the unhappy state of my principal, Mr. Arundell, custom might require that I should stand in his place as his second; but I hope the awful termination of one duel ——"

He paused.

I replied, "Enough, sir; there is sufficient blood on our hands already."

"I hope," said the lieutenant, "that our courage will not suffer in the opinion of the world."

"Curses on the opinion of the world!" I re-

plied; "behold the result of the influence of that opinion!" pointing to the mound of sand that lay over the grave of the duellists.

We launched the boat with some difficulty, in consequence of Purcell being in it. The afternoon breeze wafted us soon from the hated shores of Lospatos; and, from that time to the present, I have never been able to look on its gloomy, unpeopled shores, without shuddering. We arrived in Port of Spain that night at nine o'clock: we landed secretly. No one saw us depart for, and none saw us return from, our unblessed voyage: we quitted the island with the caution of fugitives from justice; we came to it as stealthily as murderers.

Medical assistance was that night procured for Purcell. We informed the physician of what was the fact, that he was attacked with fever while sailing on the Gulf. The doctor's look at once bespoke despair: the disease had already got beyond the management of science; for that mysterious forerunner of death, black vomit, had made its appearance. Through the night, and the next day, he raved about his father's curse; and the third morning after the attack commenced, he was borne to a hasty grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

" Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fall in vain;
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

GLOVER.

ABOUT this time, *i.e.* in 1817, the demon of civil war was distracting South America; and, as if this curse were not a sufficient visitation, yellow fever infected the air of the whole continent. Soon the pestilence reached the West Indies. Whence this disease came, or whether it be importable, are questions that need not be mooted in this work: sufficient it is to observe, that the same kind of fever circulated round the entire tropical parts of the globe. In most of the southern, and some of the northern states of America; in many parts of India lying without the tropics; and even in Europe,—an epidemic prevailed, which, if not what is here called the yellow fever, was a malady very like it in its

general character, but rendered less violent by a more temperate climate.

Nothing could look more gloomy than the capital of Trinidad, during the prevalence of this malady. Business seemed to stagnate: many fled into the country, vainly hoping to escape the disease: nothing was heard but the tolling of funeral-bells, and little seen but the long processions of the showily arrayed Catholic priests, and their red-habited choristers, acolytes, and crucifers, going to administer extreme unction, or singing funeral dirges, and carrying the scarcely cold, yet already putrid, victim of the epidemic to the house appointed for all.

The tolling of the funeral-bells became so incessant and disheartening, that Sir R. Woodford ordered their discontinuance.

A great misfortune in the colonies was, the supply of Peruvian bark ran out; insomuch, that it was sold as high as forty or fifty dollars the pound. This is disgraceful to the West Indies, which possesses a soil and climate well adapted for the culture of the tree which produces this bark: nor does it speak much in favour of the botanical knowledge of the Trinidadian; as in that magnificent island are to be found, growing wild, substitutes for that valuable drug, little, if at all, inferior to the best cinchona.

Several persons were attacked with the disease in question at the tavern at which I put up. On one or two occasions I ventured to give my opinion to the medical man in attendance: he thought something of my skill, because my views of the case coincided with his own. Most men think highly of the judgment of those who judge as they do. He inquired if I were a regular member of the profession: I told him under what circumstances I left England without a license: he advised me to call on the governor, and explain this matter; and he would, doubtless, give me a note of introduction to the medical board, who would examine my qualifications, and if these were found respectable, that body would give me a license to practise. Pursuant to this counsel, I waited on his excellency.

I went to Government House, and announced my name: I was instantly admitted into the presence of Sir R. Woodford, who, unlike most governors, was never absent from his post during hours of business, and at all times and places accessible.

I was struck with the majestic appearance of the governor. He wore the Windsor uniform; his eye was penetrating, his brow capacious, and all his features regular, handsome, and even noble, but indicative of a haughty disposition.

He was most unlike the portrait which, some years subsequently, Sir Thomas Lawrence painted for his excellency. The cause of this was, his countenance had two distinct kinds of expression, the most unlike each other that any set of features ever could assume. The one might properly be called his official face, which had, in an extraordinary degree, an air of hauteur, mistrust, and penetration: but his non-official countenance was affable and amiable; insomuch that, if Sir Thomas wished to paint the *beau-idéal* of a finished gentleman, he could scarcely have chosen a better study than Sir Ralph Woodford while entertaining his guests at St. Ann's. The painter copied the features of the private gentleman; and the portrait, therefore, bore no resemblance to the governor of Trinidad.

His excellency received me with a haughty politeness; but, in one sense, his manner was not *distant*—for he came so close to me that, at one time, I thought he wished to salute me in the New Zealand fashion, by joining noses. The cause of this was, Sir Ralph possessed the sense of smelling most acutely, and had a mortal detestation to the odour of strong drink. No priest ever hated toleration more intensely than Woodford hated drunkenness. Hence it was his custom, on receiving a visit from any one who

came to pay his respects to the governor, to approach him sufficiently close to catch the scent of the breath of the party. If the visitor had drank the smallest quantity of spirits within many hours of the visit, Sir Ralph would detect it, and write him down in his powerful memory as one accustomed to indulge in ardent spirits. Few of those ever obtained favour from his excellency.

Having been submitted to this singular scrutiny, he retired a foot or two, and then deliberately viewed me from head to foot, when his haughty features relaxed into a smile of condescension and approval. He asked my name. I told it. He at once said,--

"Ah! Mr. Warner Arundell—I recollect now. You came out as surgeon to the Saucy Jack?"

I bowed assent.

"I regret," continued his excellency, "that a gentleman of your appearance should have come hither on so fruitless an enterprise, and am more sorry that your fellow-passengers should have been persons so wild in their conduct. I am told," said the governor, looking into my eyes as though he were fencing with me,—"I am told that, not satisfied with the ravages created by the present insalubrity of the climate, your fellow-passengers are committing rapid suicide on

their reason, and slow suicide on their health, by continued intoxication. And I am further informed, that already two of the inmates of Cumberland House have disappeared in a mysterious manner. Now, sir, I have strong reason to suspect ——"

Here the governor was interrupted, fortunately for me, or he would have observed my confusion. The interruption proceeded from a Portuguese servant, who had followed Sir Ralph from Madeira. The man spoke to the governor in Portuguese, and announced that Dr. Chicano waited on his excellency.

"Admit him," said the governor.

I was now about to retire, when Sir Ralph motioned me to remain.

"He is only a Spanish lawyer that waits on me. Our conference will be very brief," said his excellency.

Dr. Chicano was admitted. He was a middle-aged South American, with a form inclined to corpulency, a bright twinkling eye, and a humorous Cervantic cast of countenance. The governor addressed him in Castilian, which, in common with almost all European languages, Sir Ralph spoke fluently. It was evident the governor, supposing me a stranger, conceived I knew not the language he spoke; consequently, he ad-

dressed the lawyer as though he were holding a private conversation with him. I, of course, did not seem to notice what he said.

"I have sent for you," said Woodford, "Doctor Chicano, to consult you as a lawyer: the question I shall put to you will be brief, and I know you too well to suppose you will give me a complicated answer to a simple query. You are aware that the illustrious board of cabildo* has of late been shewing some signs of contumacy to my will: in fact, it is trying to imitate those petty but turbulent bodies in the old English colonies, called houses of assembly. Now, my question is this: what power does the Spanish law allow me as governor and president of the cabildo; and what are the duties of the rest of the members of this illustrious body?"

"Sir Ralph," replied Chicano, "I will define your legal powers, and their duty, in a few words. You have the power, by Spanish law, of ordering the illustrious board to do whatever you please; and it is the duty of the rest of the members to say, 'Si, señor.'"

Saying this, the doctor of laws bowed politely low; and the governor bowed still lower, in approval of this short but significant advice.

* The cabildo is a kind of town-council.

I had resolved not to seem to understand what took place; but the laconic, yet complete definition of the authority which the Spanish law gave to a governor took me by surprise, and I smiled involuntarily. Sir Ralph's eye caught my countenance, and his penetration instantly informed him that he had erred in addressing Chicano before me, under the presumption that I did not understand the language spoken.

"You understand Spanish?" said he to me, in that language.

"Si, señor," was my reply, bowing lower than either.

A flash of displeasure passed over the brow of the governor; his lips curled, until, with his fine teeth, he bit the under one. He drew up his form, and addressed me with greater hauteur than he had yet used.

"Pray, Mr. Arundell, to what cause am I to attribute the honour of your visit?"

With as few words as I could condense my sentiments into, I informed him of my motive for waiting on him; which was, to solicit a letter of introduction from him to the medical board, in order that I might be examined, and, if found competent, licensed to practise as a medical man: politely reminding him of his promise to aid any one of the passengers of the Saucy Jack who

chose to remain in Trinidad, instead of joining the insurgents on the Spanish Main.

" Have you, sir, any diploma or surgical license?" said the governor.

I replied in the negative; explained how I hastily left England when on the point of being examined; at the same time shewed him certificates of having attended lectures, walked hospitals, and studied under eminent men, who all wrote handsomely about my assiduity. In fact, I possessed more vouchers of having received a tolerable medical education, than did most of those who practised the healing art in the West Indies.

The governor looked over my papers carefully, but coolly.

" Humph!" said he, " as newspapers observe, *very important if true.*"

He said this in a tone which made me understand that he doubted the authenticity of my papers.

He added, " I never knew any one who came out to join the rebels on the Main, but could produce unexceptionable testimonials as to character, as advertisements state."

I felt displeased at his remarks. From my infancy I abhorred falsehood, and never could tolerate any one's throwing a slur on my veracity.

The governor continued,—"I fear, sir, I can be of little use to you in recommending you to the medical board. It meets to-morrow. You may apply to be examined, and it is in their power to license you; but, so far from recommending you, I will caution them to examine you with the greatest rigour, and, if you are not found to possess knowledge which shall bear out these fine certificates, I will advise them to reject you."

"And I presume," said I, "according to that gentleman," pointing to Chicano, "you have the power of ordering them to do just what you choose, and it is their duty to say, 'Si, señor.'"

This ill-timed retort brought a frown on the brow of his excellency: it made Dr. Chicano smile; which, when Sir Ralph observed, his face grew red, insomuch that, passing his hand down one of his cheeks for a moment, the white marks of his fingers were visible.

"I have a duty to perform, sir," said the governor, with warmth, "in guarding his majesty's subjects from trusting their health to the care of ignorant persons. If you have received the education you pretend to, you need fear no scrutiny of the medical board; but, if it shall be found that, like many who come to this part of the world to turn doctor, you are merely from the counter of an apothecary——"

"To prevent such a discovery," interrupted I; "to prevent the medical board's licensing a mean, ignorant apothecary, I decline being examined."

I took my papers, bowed, and was taking my leave, when he said, in a milder tone,—

"Pardon me, young man—I meant not to offend you: you seem susceptible, and rather proud."

"My pride, Sir Ralph, is defensive pride."

"All pride is sinful," said his excellency.

"Then what a sinner you must be!" thought I. But I replied,—"I cannot help my pride; I am of a proud race, who, until the last five minutes, never suffered any one with impunity to question their veracity." Saying this, I bowed again, and left Government House.

During this interview I was much to blame, nor was the governor's conduct very commendable; he roused my anger, by more than hinting his doubts of my veracity. I know I have a reasonable stock of vices; but mendacity, I believe, is not of their number. I hope I am not destitute of virtues; but in the brief catalogue of them humility is not to be found.

Sir Ralph, as I was subsequently informed, regretted his harsh treatment of me; more especially when Dr. Chicano, who, it appeared, knew

me, informed him that I was nephew to an old and respectable colonist of this island. He made inquiries about my character: these satisfied him, and added to his regret of having offended me. He proposed reconciling me at his supper-table the following night; and no man knew better to gain the good-will of his guests than Sir Ralph Woodford. But, just as his invitation arrived the next day, I was on the wing for the island of Margarita.

An independent schooner that afternoon arrived from the Main, bringing news that Angostura was recaptured by the independents; that Bolivar, assisted by M'Gregor, had given the royalists a defeat; and, finally, the independent cause was flourishing. The schooner was despatched by Bryon to Trinidad, where, it was supposed, many persons were waiting to join the patriots.

I did not hesitate to embark on board the schooner, which was going to Margarita. Glenlyon, the two Germans, Trevallion, Britton, Jack, and several passengers of the Saucy Jack, went with me. The rest were discouraged from proceeding, and found employment in the island, or were provided for by—new rum and yellow fever.

Just as I was embarking, the governor's Portuguese servant put a note of invitation to supper

into my hands. I returned a pencilled answer, politely declining the intended honour, as I, at that moment, was embarking to pay a visit to General Arismendi, the commandant of Margarita, and the enemy of Sir Ralph Woodford. The governor of Trinidad hated all the insurgent chiefs, and their cause.

Our voyage was pleasant: the next day I was in the populous, but arid island of Margarita.

CHAPTER IX.

" Avansar, avansar, companeros!
Con los armas al numbro avansar;
Libertad pora sempre clamenos;
Libertad, libertad, libertad!"
Patriot Song.

The island of Margarita, considering its size and want of fertility, possesses a dense population, which is, perhaps, the most industrious and energetic of any people that speak the Spanish language. The Margaritans were more devoted to the cause of freedom than the inhabitants of any part of the adjacent continent: hence, this island was repeatedly the last stronghold of South American freedom, wherein the defeated, but undaunted, patriots retreated, and whence they sallied forth to liberate the New World.

There being as yet no history of the South American revolution, the following brief sketch of it may not be unacceptable to the reader of these memoirs. It may serve to give him such an

idea of this strangely neglected, but most important event, as a rough map, drawn by a pen, without scale or compass, may give a man of the general outlines of a country.

In the present advanced state of knowledge, it is, perhaps, superfluous to remind the reader, that whenever a colony gets too strong for the parent state, she will shake off her dependence: for, let a colony be however well governed, it will still contain some discontented spirits—some disappointed men, who are ready to magnify every trifling, real, or imaginary grievance, into tyranny on the part of the parent state. But, so extraordinarily misruled were the Spanish dependencies, that, had not the bulk of the colonists been the most loyal people that ever breathed, they would have revolted a century ago. Every article imported into the New World was made a monopoly. In short, the whole Spanish colonial system was one of monopoly, and of that sort of tyranny which is founded on the ignorance of those whom it oppresses; and is, consequently, opposed to permitting any political knowledge to the people. In English colonies, lying about the same distance from the metropolis as those of Spain from the Peninsula, the produce and manufacture of the parent state may, in general, be bought in the wholesale at the rate of from 25

to 60 per cent above their first cost; but in the Spanish Main, from this practice of monopoly, few goods, unless smuggled, could be bought for less than 500 per cent above their European price, and often 5000 per cent profit on certain articles was exacted by the purchaser of the monopoly. This state of things caused discontent, and, as a matter of course, a wish for independence.

Again, Spain, by a degree of infatuation to which history can scarcely find a parallel, encouraged the North Americans to throw off their dependence on England, on account of a dispute about a trifling duty on tea and stamps, while she herself was exercising the most cruel system of taxation on her colonies ever recorded. Had Washington not succeeded, Bolivar had remained a mere amiable, but indolent creole; and Paez, a wild tamer of scarcely more wild cattle. Whatever were the grievances of the insurgents of North America, the conduct of the Bourbons of France and Spain, in assisting the rebellious subjects of England, was as foolish as it was wicked; and their folly and wickedness recoiled on their own heads. The spark which set France in a state of conflagration, wherein Louis XVI. lost his crown and life, was brought by his subjects from America. The King of Spain sent partisans

to liberate North America; and, amongst these, Miranda, the father of South American liberty, learned the art of war, which he used to free his oppressed land.

But the greatest cause of the South American revolution was the shameful partiality shewn by Spain to her native population, in preference to her transatlantic subjects. A Spaniard quitted his country with a barren title of nobility, and in some provinces of the Peninsula all are noble: he came to the New World, made a large fortune, which his descendant, born in America, might inherit; yet was the latter considered as an inferior to the *parvenu* who came out yesterday a penniless and illiterate adventurer. The Spaniard was considered noble because he was a *Cachupin*.* South America had her native aristocracy; but Spain looked on them as a race inferior to her native plebeians: hence, the Marquis del Toro, the Marquis de Berroteran, Count Xavier, and the Marquis de Casa Leon, were refused offices which were trusted to clerks of Cadiz.

Although Spain attempted to keep her colonists in utter ignorance, yet occasionally know-

* This word was taken from the Mexicans, who called white men *Cachopines*. The Spaniards applied the term to any one of their countrymen who settled in the New World during the war of independence. The word *Cachupin* was used to designate a Royalist.

ledge would find its way into South America. She could not prevent them from paying occasional visits to North America, where they beheld a people, who had thrown off their dependence on the mother country, without having a millionth part of the complaint against England which the southern division of America had against Spain.

These, although not all, were the principal causes which rendered South America the soil of independence; but England has the honour or disgrace of sowing the seeds of revolt in this soil. Spain, at the end of the last century, found herself unwillingly obliged to join France in a war against England. Great Britain cast her eyes on the colonies of Spain; these she could not spare an army to conquer, but she supposed she could easily revolutionise. To do this, Spain had set her the example. The year after war was declared, Trinidad was taken—an island, from its situation, of great importance to further the plan of aiding a revolt in South America: hence, Dundas sent to Governor Picton orders to promote an insurrection on the Main.* These orders the governor executed with such zeal, that Don José Antolin del Campo, notary-public to the

* See Picton's Proclamation, June 26, 1797.

government of Margarita, offered, by proclamation, a reward of 20,000 dollars for the head of Don Thomaso Picton. To this proclamation the governor humorously replied, by offering a reward of 20 dollars for the head of Don José Antolin del Campo. Truly, the head of the hero of Badajos was worth a thousand times as much as that of a Spanish escribano.

The result of these efforts to revolutionise South America was a conspiracy by Gual, and two other state prisoners, who were shut up in La Guayra. This conspiracy was detected and suppressed by the Spaniards.

All the time England was at war with Spain, she encouraged the insurgents; but, when the latter was overrun by the French, the relation of Great Britain towards South America became changed: she could not aid her to throw off the yoke of the mother country, and at the same time preserve her faith with the imprisoned Ferdinand, whose cause she had espoused. She could not, in policy, assist the royalists in Columbia, because it seemed more than probable that Napoleon might eventually succeed in establishing his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain: hence England preserved a kind of wavering neutrality. This was hard on the insurgents, who continually looked to Great Britain for assistance.

All was now confusion in South America: the enlightened part of the creole population wished for independence; the Cachupins wished to remain loyal, but knew not to whom to be loyal. Joseph Buonaparte commanded them to obey him as king; the junta of Seville, the regency of Madrid, and the junta of the Asturias, sent their respective commands to America; and each ordered the colonies to submit to and acknowledge their authorities, and deny the authorities of the others: while each important city in South America set up a little junta of its own. All this time, Miranda was making progress in rendering his native land independent.

This patriot was a native of Caraccas. He had served in North America, where he formed the plan of liberating his country. In furtherance of this design, he entered into the French army during the early part of the revolution. Disgusted with the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, from which he narrowly escaped, he for years wandered about Europe, soliciting by turns each power to aid his design. In 1806, he sailed from North America with a small private expedition, and came to Trinidad, where he got many recruits; for, since the conquest of that island by the British, it always afforded an asylum to the discontented on the Main: hence

Miranda found there many men of desperate fortune, not altogether unacquainted with the smell of powder, because in Trinidad almost every man is obliged to be in the militia; and, since the government of Picton, Trinidad has possessed the most respectable militia in the West Indies.

There can be little doubt that Miranda would have finally succeeded in his many and persevering attempts to give liberty to his country, but for the occurrence of the earthquake in 1812, which I witnessed. This event happening on Holy Thursday, and on the anniversary of the declaration of independence, the priests, who by the new constitution were deprived of many privileges, persuaded the mass of the people to believe that the awful convulsion of nature was a Divine visitation for their having thrown off their allegiance to Ferdinand. Miranda suffered now considerable reverses; and, after labouring for thirty years for the deliverance of his natal soil, he surrendered to the Spaniards, under a promise of amnesty. This was violated, and he died in prison at Cadiz.

Yet was not all lost to the patriots: still they made head, and fought for years. Santiago Mariño brought an expedition from Trinidad, and joined the great Simon Bolivar, who liberated

and armed his slaves for the deliverance of his country.

In 1815, Morillo arrived in Columbia, with a well-appointed army of ten thousand men. He was joined by all the Cachupins, by the Islaños (Canary Island men), and by many of the loyal creoles. The cause of the patriots now looked desperate: they possessed many a bold partisan chief, but no soldier whose knowledge of tactics could compete with the new Spanish commander. He, however, committed one error, or, more properly speaking, crime, which ruined his cause. After his arrival in America he informed his king that the only way to conquer Venezuela was to exterminate two-thirds of its inhabitants. His acts corresponded with his atrocious advice, or rather exceeded it in atrocity. It soon became evident that his aim was to exterminate or reduce to ruin every man, woman, and child, born in Columbia.

When weak insurrections arise in a state, the government may, in policy, treat all the insurgents as rebels: when a rebellion is dangerous from its strength, the first object of the government should be its suppression, and, when that is accomplished, the punishment of its chiefs: but when the insurrection is so general that it is doubtful if the state can conquer it, policy dic-

tates that the horrors of civil war should be alleviated by treating prisoners captured from the insurgents in the same way as ordinary prisoners of war are treated by civilised nations. Every execution of an insurgent, while the insurrection is unsuppressed, calls for retaliation; each act of inhumanity engenders another sanguinary measure, and lessens the chances of conquest on the part of the government, by making the rebels desperate—as most men would prefer dying in the excitement of battle, wherein they can sell their lives dear, to perishing by the hands of the executioner. An army, like that of Morillo, which attempts the conquest of a country by the indiscriminate massacre of its inhabitants, places itself in an awful dilemma: if it be defeated in its object, the vengeance of the country will annihilate it; if it succeed, it gains a dear triumph over a land of desolation.

Until repeated disasters had endangered the existence of his army, Morillo wished to be a second Pizarro, but he had not a set of naked Peruvians to slaughter. The atrocities of the Spanish general disgusted the Americans, and called forth retaliations; until acts of inhumanity, at the recital of which nature shudders, became common in both camps. Soldiers in war are, in general, pitiless beings, despite the severest dis-

cipline; but the discipline of Morillo, Boves, and Morales, commanded the indiscriminate slaughter of the aged, the infirm, the mother, and infant at her breast. This naturally caused abhorrence to the Spanish name. Spain warred on old men and women; the aged and females of Columbia warred on the Spanish murderer in self-defence. While the creoles were partly Royalists, the war was doubtful: when the whole of the South Americans joined against Morillo, his army melted away like ice, imported from Europe, exposed to a tropical sun; and the remains of the people of Columbia, reduced to a sixth of their number, became independent. Such is the brief outlines of the South American war of independence.

The Spaniards never possessed any party in Margarita. On their landing they sacked Assumpcion, the capital of the island: the men fought while they could, and then retired to the mountains. The aged, infirm, the women and children, took refuge in the churches and convents: here they were slaughtered by the Royalists. I saw the blood of the murdered near the altar of one of their churches; Arismendi, the patriot commander of Margarita, would not allow it to be washed out.

"Behold," said he, "men of Margarita, the

church of your God stained by the murderous Spaniards with the blood of your fathers, wives, sisters, and infants! Swear on the altar of the eternal God, which the slaves of Ferdinand have strewn with the gray hairs of age, and the tresses of the maidens of this island — swear on it to avenge this outrage!"

And the Margaritans swore vengeance against the Royalists: well, too well, were their oaths fulfilled.

Repeatedly the Spaniards landed at Margarita to exterminate the inhabitants of this last fortress of independence; but as often they retreated, baffled, from this island, leaving one half of their numbers to feed the vultures. These attempts were so often repeated, and so uniformly defeated, that the inhabitants used to hail, with stern joy, the arrival of the Royalists in the Bay of Pampatar. Men, women, and children, would exclaim, "Hurra! the Cachupin dogs come!" Uttering an untranslatable oath, they would retreat to the mountain of Macanon; which being covered with prickly pears, they could not be pursued with success. From this height they continually rushed down on the invaders, who were allowed no rest night nor day; until, from the incessant attacks of the Margaritans, the Spaniards retreated from the island, baffled and

disgraced. A people resolved to be free cannot be conquered. Morillo, and his ten thousand men, were insufficient to subdue an island which contained a surface of but thirty square leagues, although the islanders were obliged to oppose stones and clubs to his muskets and artillery.

When I landed, I was introduced, by the captain of the vessel I sailed in, to Colonel Arismendi, a man of middle age, whose straight and glossy hair indicated that he was a mestezo, *i.e.* of mingled Spanish and Indian blood. He received my fellow-passengers and myself cordially, and advised Trevallion, Britton, and two others, to join Brion's fleet, at that time in the Oronoco. This they agreed to, and that evening we took leave, and they went on board a sloop. Glenlyon, the two Germans, three other passengers, and myself, he proposed to send in a launch to Cumana, in order to join a small party that were going to cross the Sierra de Bergantia to join Bolivar, who was about to make an attempt for the relief of Maturin, which was closely invested by the Royalists. We consented to this arrangement, and Arismendi invited us to dine with him.

We went with the commandant to his dwelling. Passing a sentinel at his own door, Arismendi asked the soldier for his cigar: the latter

thought he wished it to light his own, and gave it to the colonel; but, perceiving the commandant coolly put it in his mouth, smoke it, and enter at the door, the sentinel followed his officer, exclaiming, "*Caramba!** commandant, you are not going to steal my cigar!"

He spoke in anger; the commandant swore at him; and he returned the compliment with compound interest. Arismendi told him he would send him four other cigars, and walked into the house. This was the first scene of republicanism I beheld: it gave me a poor opinion of the discipline of the army I was about to join.

Trifles often indicate great political changes. For three centuries the parrots of South America were taught to speak a rough couplet, indicative of the hatred between the Spaniards and Portuguese. It ran thus:—

"Lorita real
Por l'España, no por la Portugal."

The parrots of Margarita were now taught to say, "*Lorita patriota por l'America, no por l'Espana.*" The heads of all the poor birds that persisted in uttering the old cry were mercilessly wrung off.

* An exclamation equivalent to 'indeed!'

I slept that night at the quarters of Arismendi. The next morning, an Independent privateer, commanded by one Captain Griffiths, entered the Bay of Pampatar. She brought a Spanish brig, which she had captured; and a lady, whose arrival excited universal joy.

Some months previous to this, the commandant's second wife, a most beautiful woman, while bathing at night, was captured by a party of Morillo's army. About the same time her husband attacked an advanced post of the Spaniards, which he cut to pieces, save one Colonel Monter, and about one hundred and fifty men, whom he made prisoners. This colonel was one of the most merciless of those concerned in the massacre in the church. Morillo knew his worth, and sent a messenger to Arismendi to say that, if Colonel Monter was spared, he would restore the lady; if not, she should be slain. This threat would have placed an ordinary patriot in a trying situation, for the commandant was tenderly attached to his wife; yet, the blood of his slaughtered countrymen called out for vengeance on the infamous Monter. But Arismendi possessed the stern feelings of a Spartan: on receiving the message, he caused his own son to sever the head from the body of the blood-thirsty colonel

before the messenger of Morillo, and sent him back with a threat that, if his wife were slain, he would hang up the hundred and fifty prisoners he had captured. Nothing could exceed the rage of Morillo at this: he ordered Arismendi's wife to be killed; but several officers, fearing the vengeance of the patriot, interceded for her. A solitary act of humanity was now performed by Morillo: he sent the lady prisoner to Cadiz, whence she escaped a few days after in man's attire, and got on board a Spanish ship bound for the Havaña: this was captured by a privateer off the Azores, and the lady was brought safely, by Captain Griffiths, to the arms of her husband.

A general joy pervaded the island of Margarita on the debarking of the lady. Nothing was heard but "*Vivâ la patria!*" "long live our noble commandant and his lady!" She landed under a salute of artillery. All the inhabitants were mustered on the beach to receive her. A car was procured, in which she was placed—the men dragging and the women strewing flowers in her way; while the aged and children invoked blessings on the beautiful wife of the patriotic Arismendi. The car was dragged to the house of the commandant, more than a league

up the country; after which she walked, in solemn procession, to the church, the floor of which was stained with the blood of the Margaritans. She knelt, and returned thanks to the Supreme Disposer of events, for her happy deliverance, while the solemn edifice was filled with people, who joined in her devotion.

CHAPTER X.

" Along the banks of Oronoc,
The voice of freedom 's heard at length ;
Thy Sambos, Maturin, are woke
With dauntless hearts, and arms of strength."
Columbian Song of Liberty.

THE next morning I took leave of Arismendi, and went on board a Patriot launch, with the two Germans, Major Glenlyon, and three other of my fellow-passengers of the Saucy Jack. The commandant told us to be sure and keep our fire-arms loaded, as the coast between Margarita and Cumana was infested with Royalist launches.

This advice we, fortunately, did not neglect. We (that is, the late passengers of the Saucy Jack on board the launch) elected the major as our commander; and the patron of the launch, a gigantic Sambo,*—a sullen man, but brave

* A man of mixed Indian and negro race.

and cool—took charge of the rowers, and eight volunteers, of mixed Indian and European race, who were going with us to join the Republican army. We were half the day pulling over to the Main; we then wound round the various points of land, in a westward direction, towards Cumana, until evening, and then anchored all night.

The next morning we took up our wooden anchor, and proceeded on our voyage; the Sambo patron cautioning us to keep our arms loaded. This caution was not needless. As we approached a point of land, we heard, on the other side, a voice exclaim, in Spanish,—"Pull away, my boys!" and a great number of men replied, "*Viva el Rey Fernando!*"

"To arms!" exclaimed our patron, in a low voice.

Instantly every musket we had was cocked, and all our loaded pistols were in our belts. We had fourteen muskets and two blunderbusses in the boat, besides a number of pistols: we also had a swivel in the bows of the launch, which was loaded with musket-balls. The exclamation of the Royalists gave us warning of their approach, ere we could see each other, being on different sides of a projecting tongue of land. This circumstance allowed us a precious minute

for preparation, which we failed not to improve. We rowed to the point, and ran into the mangrove-branches, which skirted the shore and hung over into the sea. The rowers took in their oars and seized their arms. This was not done a moment before it was necessary, for a large launch, having twice our numbers, shot round the point; and the first notice they received from us was a discharge of great and small arms. One of the Germans levelled and fired the swivel with murderous precision, using a spark from his *meerschaum* for the latter purpose.

The great arms being discharged, we did not remain to load again; the Sambo ran us on board ere they had time to recover from their surprise or fire a single gun at us. Our pistols completed the confusion: a shot from one of mine laid low one of their rowers. Major Glenloyn reserved the fire of one of the blunderbusses, which he now discharged at the Royalist patron, a white man. He killed him, and wounded another. Several of the Cachupins jumped into the sea. We boarded — a brief struggle took place — and the launch was ours. I regret to say, that one of the Germans and Major Glenlyon were killed in boarding. Besides these, we

had two rowers and three Margaritans badly wounded.

I am sorry to say, that, after the capture of the launch, our patron made his people fire on the wretches whom we had driven overboard. Few of these escaped.

The prize was valuable on account of its freight, being loaded with arms and salt. She had belonged to the patron, a European, who had a plantation of indigo, near Barcelona; and the crew were his own negro slaves. This capture was mainly owing to their exclamation of "*Ramos muchachos! Viva el Rey Fernando!*" which caused us to surprise them.

Four of the poor negroes were allowed quarter, by the intercession of the passengers, on condition that they would volunteer to join the Patriots, and help to row the prize. All the Margaritans lent their aid to do this; and in the evening we arrived, without accident, at Cumana. Poor Major Glenlyon, after escaping twenty glorious campaigns, was killed capturing a miserable launch; and Müller, the German, who expected to die a Columbian general, was slain before he reached the Patriot army.

As we entered the Gulf of Cariaco, we admired the magnificent scenery, the noble harbour,

the beach, on which vegetated gigantic specimens of cocoa-trees. Date, and other palm-trees, raised their elegant forms, and mingled their graceful fronds amid the dark and thick foliage of the tamarind. The tall flamingo flew about the coast, while the winged jackals of the south, the galinazo, vulture, or turkey-buzzard, hovered above for prey. War, horrid war, had too well fed these gloomy birds.

We landed, and were hailed with joy, in consequence of our capture. Colonel Rocio was the commandant *ad interim*, and he made us as welcome as his confined means would admit. Arismendi had given me a note of introduction to him, and this procured me tolerable quarters. The town of Cumana, before the revolution, had 20,000 inhabitants; but scarcely 500 were now in it. I slept in a cotton hammock; and the next day, after partaking of an early breakfast, we set out on our journey across the country, to the Guaripichi. We were eighteen in number, including two guides: I had three mules, one to carry myself, and two others for my baggage. It was night before we reached the foot of the Brigenteen mountains, which is a spur of the great range of the Andes. Here we encamped under an ajoupa, or hut of palm-leaves, erected by ourselves. We all slept in hammocks carried for the occasion.

The next day we commenced scaling the Sierras Brigantia—a task attended with both difficulty and danger, owing to the abrupt and stupendous rocks, dried channels of torrents, and chasms rent by earthquakes. I never could have supposed that laden animals could achieve the passage across such gaps as our mules passed; but we arrived, without accident, on the banks of the Guaripichi, five days after we set out, although the actual distance, in a direct line, is scarcely thirty leagues—so laborious is the passage of the Brigenteen mountain.

I arrived, in good health and spirits, at the quarters of General Bolivar, who had joined the division of the army intended for the relief or recapture of Maturin. I sent to that celebrated man the letter of introduction which Fernandez gave me, and was immediately conducted by his nephew, who was his secretary, into his presence. He received me with great joy, telling me that his army was much in want of gentlemen of my profession. He inquired if I had a tolerable set of instruments; I satisfied him in this respect. He sent for them to inspect them, and expressed himself well pleased; insomuch that he kept me in conversation half the night, making me sling my hammock in his ajoupa—which, however, differed in no respect from that of

the poorest soldier—until, worn out with fatigue, I ceased to answer his questions, being hindered from continuing the conversation by sleep.

I must now describe this great *libratador*. He was a middle-sized spare man, with a fine aquiline set of features, and a capacious forehead. This, much mental and corporeal labour had already marked with furrows, and had commenced to turn his raven locks gray, although, at this period, he was scarcely thirty-two years of age. His eye was at once mild and penetrating; his voice was remarkably mellow; he spoke English fluently, although with a foreign accent; but his pronunciation of Castilian was perfect music. He generally expressed himself in good language; but his discourse was rather too figurative for ordinary conversation, save when he confined himself to asking questions, which he would do for hours together.

From what I heard and saw of this great man, I believe his military genius was not of the highest order. All the good he did as a warrior was caused by his undaunted perseverance, his indefatigable activity, and the confidence he inspired by his disinterested patriotism. By freeing and arming his immense number of slaves, he performed an act of real devotion to the cause of freedom—a parallel to which we may look for

in vain in the history of the North American war of independence. Before the revolution he had a princely fortune. He, during years, commanded the armies, established the liberty, and swayed the destiny, of his country; and he died poor, although he neither was extravagant nor luxurious. These are facts which will be told of him by History, which can shew no greater patriot in her records than Simon Bolivar.

I next was introduced to the redoubtable Sir Gregor M'Gregor. In England he is principally known as the author of the Poyais scheme; here, he was spoken of as the hero of twenty battles. He was a dark-haired powerful man; and, with the exception of Paez, one of the most terrible men for acts of personal bravery in the Republican service. He had two faults, which were the cause of all his misery and degradation: the first was, an immoderate thirst; and the second was, an aversion to water.

Having mentioned Paez, I must say a word or two of him. He is stated to be a mulatto, but, judging from his appearance, I should pronounce him of that mixed race of Spanish, Indian, and negro blood, which resembles the class in South America called Peons. At the beginning of the long war of independence, he was a mere *Llanaro* (*Anglicé*, man of the plains), a

keeper or hunter of wild cattle on the great savannas. He is a man not of extraordinary stature, but yet one of matchless strength and activity. By a dexterity peculiar to South Americans, he could throw down the fiercest bull that ever bellowed on the plains; his feats of horsemanship would astonish an Arab; he soon became distinguished above his comrades for acts of daring, insomuch that he was the terror of the Spaniards. No man, since the days of Samson, ever slew so many as Paez (always excepting those who kill by patent medicine). Yet, with all, this Paez was a mere savage; he knew nothing of the theory of war; all he could do was to slaughter, and excite others to slay by mere personal example. He would fight until he fell from his horse in a state of exhaustion, and go into a kind of hysteric, which was peculiar to him; when, his friends conceiving it dangerous to touch him, he was left to foam and struggle during the paroxysm. His accomplishments consisted in being able to speak Spanish, with the slight corruption which that language has suffered in South America; he could say, by rote, the Paternoster, and utter a few oaths in broken English.

Behold the effects of education! An English officer, on whom Paez doted, with that real friend-

ship which fears not to tell unpleasant truths, informed Paez that he was, with all his bravery, a mere barbarian, and that he would remain one until civilised by letters, when he would become a truly great man. Amid the privations, toils, and alarms, of a terrible war of extermination, did Paez, under the direction of his English friend, learn the alphabet. Middle-aged as he was, he acquired knowledge with extraordinary rapidity; and he is now a man of respectable attainments. He has been president of Columbia; which situation he has filled with honour to himself, and advantage to his country. He writes his own despatches, but his secretary corrects a word or two here and there; he speaks to the congress fluently, sensibly, and, at times, eloquently. In short, José Antonio Paez, who, but a few years ago, was a mere ferocious partisan, is now a politician and an accomplished statesman. Twice has his moderation and patriotism saved Columbia from the horrors of a civil war.

I also became acquainted with Santiago Mariño, who was, perhaps, the best stratagist in the Columbian service. His capture of Gueria with a handful of men from Trinidad—his destroying a whole division of the Spanish army, by manœuvring to get to windward of them,

and then setting fire to the savanna—might do honour to a better soldier than was supposed to have been engaged in this war. But he was haunted by a demon, which often besets the South American creole: that fiend is—gaming.

We marched up the Guaripichi, along the magnificent savanna which spreads from the Oronoco to the Brigenteen mountains. Far as the eye could reach, one immense and apparently boundless plain extended until it was lost in the horizon: all around, the verdure of pasture melted into the circling ether, presenting to the eye the vastness of the ocean, without its monotony. Here and there a river wound through this vast savanna, whose meanders might be traced by the forests which flanked its banks; while in other places arose groves of the gigantic trees of the tropics, which, in the distance, shewed like green islands elevated out of the ocean like pasture. Flocks of wild horses, although thinned by the war, were yet visible, each troop under the command of two or three noble stallions. But the mares outnumbered the males, by one hundred to one; for the latter are so vicious as to destroy all the rivals they can master. Most of the females were followed by a beautiful foal or two. All the flocks were of one colour, a brown bay: they approached our out-

posts, gazed wildly at us, sniffed the air; and, at the neigh of one of their commanders, they set off at full gallop, occasionally flinging their hind heels in the air, as if in defiance of us. We also met several immense herds of wild deer, sporting over the glorious plains. Here was a beautiful country! Providence intended it as a paradise — man made it a hell!

We approached Maturin. The siege was abandoned, and the garrison made an unsuccessful *sortie* on the retreating Royalists. But, although the people of Maturin were beaten back into the town and half-dismantled fort, they aided Bolivar; and, but for this sally, the Spaniards would have effected their retreat in good order, without coming to an engagement. Finding they could not do this, they formed in line as the patriots advanced, and a distant cannonading commenced as the two divisions approached.

I was on horseback on a little eminence, so that I was enabled to command a view of the affair. Both parties were formed in one line, without having any reserve. We had eight small pieces, the enemy seven; but theirs were of larger calibre. In this affair, as well as most of the engagements that happened, until the last year or two of the war, ammunition was scarce.

We had the numerical advantage in cavalry; but the Spanish troops were rather better armed. Both cavalries were mounted on native horses. In general the Spanish troops used the sabre, and the creole the lance.

I saw the two lines flanked by their respective cavalry, slowly advancing, cannonading each other. Three of our pieces were well served by English gunners, and they produced a visible effect on the enemy's line; the other four were worked by creoles, and their fire was a waste of ammunition. The Spanish guns produced little better effect on our line. As they advanced within musket-shot of us, I could perceive a body of Maturinans sally forth cautiously in their rear, to take advantage of any disaster that might happen to the Royalists. This obliged the latter to despatch a part of their cavalry to keep them in check, or they would have been attacked in the rear. Both parties halted within about one hundred and thirty yards of each other, as if by mutual consent, and each line fired a volley of musketry. I saw the flash, and clouds of smoke of both lines, and perceived men fall on either side. Before I heard the reports, they again loaded, and, at double-quick time, advanced, halted within twenty yards, and again each party discharged an irregular, but well-directed volley.

Before the smoke blew off, both lines rushed together, both were broken and mingled, and all were fighting with the naked steel; the Spaniards using the awkward bayonet,* the creoles, the less warlike, but more dexterous matcheti, having flung away their muskets. The cavalry, on both sides, engaged with mutual slaughter, but without producing any decided effect. The infantry displayed little discipline; but no soldiers could fight with more fury, or rather animosity. The general *melée* of infantry lasted about ten minutes. The Royalists gave way; but, their cavalry coming to their relief, the insurgents could not pursue them, although they remained masters of the field. Again, our troop charged the Spanish horse with little success: however, this charge enabled our line to re-form and re-arm itself with the muskets which they had discarded while the enemy retreated behind its cavalry; and, by a rather confused attempt at an *echellon* movement, gained a wood a little to the left. The insurgents had captured two guns.

Again the Patriots advanced, apparently to dislodge the Royalists from the wood; but, on receiving and returning an irregular fire, they

* In the line the bayonet is a tremendous weapon; but it is an awkward instrument in a single combat, being purely offensive, and very unwieldy.

seemed to be thrown into confusion, and formed behind their cavalry. The Royalist horse now charged ours, and were repulsed; when a cry of "*Viva la patria!*" was heard in the woods, which made the Spanish dragoons retreat in great disorder, followed by the insurgent cavalry. The fact was, on the appearance of the partisans from Maturin, the brave Paez, at the head of his mounted guerillas, made a long detour, in order to join them, unperceived by the enemy. This junction he could not effect; but he got into the small wood, where he dismounted his troops, until he perceived the Spaniards take up a position at its entrance. He now mounted, and made one of his furious charges on the enemy. The Spaniards were taken by surprise; and, before their own cavalry could come to their relief, they had fled in all directions. They were followed by Paez, who cut down great numbers of them. Some attempted to seek refuge in the town, but the Maturinans formed beyond the suburbs, and cut them to pieces. Five of the Spanish guns were captured, and the greatest part of the baggage fell into our hands. The Patriots, headed by Paez, pursued the enemy until night.

This affair decided the fate of Maturin. We entered it as victors, or rather as deliverers. It

had long been defended by its inhabitants, but was on the point of yielding when Bolivar arrived with relief. A body of women had fought in one of the forts, hence called "*El fortizulo de las doncellas*—the little fort of the maidens." Amongst these Amazons there were many young and beautiful, who fought to defend their virtue and their lives; for no mercy could be expected by women from the Spaniards, had they taken this patriotic town.

A circumstance occurred during this engagement which made a strong impression on my mind. I have already stated that I was on a little eminence which commanded a view of the engagement. Several women, whose homes had been destroyed, and whose only resource was to follow thec amp, stood beside me. When the first discharge of musketry took place, I heard a woman, of mixed European and Indian race, called Mestija,* exclaim,—

"He has fallen! José, my son, my first-born, is down!"

At the second discharge she shrieked again,—

"Oh, God! I am childless! My poor boy, Francisco, is slain! The curses of the widow on

* Feminine of Mestijo.

the Cachupins! My house is destroyed; my husband was murdered in his hammock; and now, my two boys, whom I blessed, and bade go forth and revenge their father's death, have both fallen! Holiest mother of Heaven, I am now a friendless outcast!"

She wiped her eyes with her black and dishevelled locks. When she again looked up, and beheld the Spanish and creole lines mixed, she shouted as loud as though she wished to be heard by her countrymen, —

"Fight on, brave patriots! fight for vengeance! fight to revenge Maria Gonzales, whom the Spaniards have robbed of house, home, husband, and children! The execration of the houseless wretch,— the malediction of the widow of a murdered man, — the curse of the childless mother, on the dastard who turns his back on the bloodhound slaves of Ferdinand!"

How this woman could perceive her sons fall (for fall they both did) is to me astonishing, considering the distance she was from the lines, and the confusion and smoke which existed. I cannot suppose she merely guessed these events; and yet it seems all but impossible that the human vision, quickened as it was by the love of a mother for her sons, could have discerned the

fall of two particular men, at such a distance, and under such circumstances.

At night, I was going over the field to render what professional assistance I could to the groaning wounded. The full moon had risen over the little wood near the field of battle, on the branches of which perched a thousand vultures, in order to be ready for their horrid breakfast the next day. Again I perceived the wretched Maria Gonzales, crouching, in a manner peculiar to people of the New World, her thighs doubled, as it were, on the calves of her legs, and the whole weight of her frame supported on her heels. She held up the body of one of her sons who was slain, while her head drooped over the shoulder of the corpse.

Touched with this pitiable sight, I held a lantern that I carried to see if there was yet hopes of recovering him; but he was dead. The poor mother looked up, with utter despair, and said,—

"He is dead! My brave boys, my poor children, must feed the vultures!"

A groan near us startled the Mestija: she shot a glance around, and, perceiving it came from a wounded Spaniard, she started on her feet, exclaiming,—

"The curse of the widow on you and your country!"

She caught up a part of a broken musket, and, with one vengeful blow, put the Spaniard beyond his misery.

CHAPTER XI.

"We are but warriors for a working-day:
Our gayness and our guilt are all besmerched
With rainy marching in the painful field.
* * * * *
And time hath worn us into slovenry."

SHAKSPEARE.

I WAS now fairly embarked in the cause of South America. I led a wandering life, generally seven or eight hours a-day on horseback; and the rest of my time was chiefly employed in the arduous duties of my profession. My quarters were in the forests which border the Oronoco, in the great plains of Guiana, the mountains which branch off the main chain of the Andes, and terminate on the shores of the Carribean Sea, or on the rich savannas of Varennes; watered by the Apuré, the Arauca, the Meta, and a hundred other rivers, which, although noble streams, are mere tributaries to the monarch-flood — the Oronoco.

Often, in the unrecorded skirmishes and

battles which took place in 1817 and 1818, in Columbia, was I obliged to join in the fight in self-defence: sometimes when the party to which I was attached was attempted to be surprised; and often have I acted as a volunteer.

These affairs were too numerous, and had too much sameness,—and, I regret being obliged to add, were marked by too many deeds of horror,—for me to relate. I cannot reflect on the scenes through which I passed at this period of my life with pleasure, nor can I describe them without pain. I shall, therefore, spare the reader, as well as myself, the misery of the recital; but will merely give a slight sketch of the insurgent army.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of the Columbian troops; and, in one sense, nothing less military. The men were dressed in all the various habiliments of the English, French, and Spanish armies; and many had the undress of the aboriginal Indians. One would have a British artilleryman's coat, ornamented with French worsted epaulettes; a Spanish sash, a cavalry helmet, and blue Pennistown trousers, such as are worn by the negroes in the West Indies. Another would wear a blue surtout, *minus* collar and skirts; an old staff cocked-

hat, which bore the marks of former splendour —the tarnished gilt lace seemed

"The poor remains of beauty once admired;"

while his lower man bore no other habiliment than the Indian *guiacou*.*

Their arms were as various as their *uniforms*, if uniforms they could be called that uniform were not. We had muskets of all European nations,—musketoons, rifles, fowling-pieces, carabines, and blunderbusses; Indian bows and arrows of all sizes, from the six-feet bow of the Caraibe to the two-feet bow of the Choca Indian. The latter generally was used to shoot poisoned arrows, matchetis, and even hard wood. Indian clubs were often resorted to; and I have seen men, armed with these sharp and heavy clubs, do terrible execution in close encounters. The colour of our soldiers included all complexions and intermixture of European, Indian, and African races. The most effective troops of the Patriots were their cavalry, mounted on the hardy horses of the Savanna. They were generally furnished with matchetis, and sometimes with

* A piece of cloth or leather, of about four inches by seven in extent, ornamented with beads, &c. The guiacou is the full dress of the South American Indian.

sabres. Pistols were often given to the troops, but seldom carried, and seldomer used. Their favourite weapon was a lance of about eight feet in length: this was handled in various ways; sometimes with one hand, but often with both. It was but rarely thrown.* Some had carabines, but the South American cavalry preferred the blunderbuss to all kinds of fire-arms. This they used to load with slugs.

The dresses of the savanna cavalry were truly of primitive cut, consisting in general of what they called a poncho; *i.e.* a blanket, with a hole in the middle through which the head was admitted: this was tied round the middle with a lazolian, or wild vine. Some of these ponchos were more elegant, being made of coarse blue cloth, and lined with red or yellow flannel, while some of the chiefs indulged in the luxury of drawers and check shirts. During the heat of the day, these ponchos were taken off, and placed between the saddle and the rider, and at night they did duty for blankets. Their saddles were of wood, made in the Spanish fashion, high be-

* Morillo was dangerously wounded with a lance, thrown at him while he was in the centre of a hollow square. So dexterous were the Patriots in the use of the lance, that the Spaniards used to say, "Por una lanza una bála" (a lance can only be opposed by a ball.)

hind and before, such as we see in the old Castilian editions of 'Don Quixote;' they were, however, covered with the undressed hides of the savanna cattle. Their reins were of the same materials; but they had bits of such power, that, with ease, they could stop their half broke-in horses amid their most furious career, and throw the animals back on their haunches. A chinchorin, or net-work hammock, made of the bark of certain trees, and a parcel of tasajo (smoked beef), were generally fastened behind the saddle. Such was the appearance of these Tartars of the savanna. As regular troops, they could not have stood against European cavalry; but as partisans, the Spaniards, to their cost, found them truly terrific.

Of the British auxiliaries of this period, I regret that, in general, I cannot speak favourably. They were too much like the passengers of the Saucy Jack, and were perpetually complaining of the inconveniencies of their stations. Most were professed gamblers; and in no situation could that interesting class of English (the gamblers) be placed, in which they had greater scope to indulge their amiable peculiarities, than in the insurgent army.

Most of them had come to Columbia in full expectation of finding it a land, not of milk and

honey, but of gold and silver; where there would be little fighting, much pay, and immense plunder. They found hard fare, hard fighting, no pay, and but little plunder. They seemed not displeased at the continued recurrence of hard blows; on the contrary, as if the enemy did not afford them enough, they were perpetually exercising their pugnacious propensities upon each other.

Exceptions must be made to the above sweeping censure. When, at a later period, so many British joined the Patriots that they were enabled to act in a body, they shewed the Spaniards the mettle of their pasture. When the British legion was acting, not as mere partisans, but in pitched battles, it was the terror of the Spaniards. The division of Colonel Farrier, in 1821, at Caribobo, retrieved the day, and fully proved that they were of the same materials which formed the squares of infantry at Waterloo, against which the cavalry of France spent their fury in vain.

But in 1817, many of the Patriots were so annoyed by the reiterated complaints, and perpetual duels of the British, that they used to say, all the English were good for, was to fight amongst themselves. However, Paez, no bad judge of the qualities of warriors, was of an opposite opinion. He became so attached to the

British, that, for months together, the English language was the only one which he would condescend to curse and swear in. He would shout, while leading on his Llanaros, "Avancar, muchacos! God dim my eye! Muéron los Cachupinos; the bloody devils!" &c. &c.

When he uttered these and similar expressions in battle, Heaven might have mercy on the souls of the Spaniards which came within reach of his lance or sabre, for José Antonio Paez had none on their bodies.

The want of a commissariat was severely felt by the insurgents. Owing to unnecessary waste at one period, for weeks together we were constrained to live on smoked and fresh beef, without a particle of salt, bread, or vegetable food. I remember once, on the Upper Oronoco, a muleteer arrived in our camp with two animals loaded with bags of salt: every handful of this was literally sold for an ounce of gold, or a pound weight of silver. A doubloon, or sixteen dollars, was actually paid for the privilege of dipping the hand into one of the bags of salt and taking out as much as the hand could contain. After the rapid and advantageous sale of his condiment, the muleteer commenced drinking gurapo,* and

* A fermented liquor, often made of cane-juice and pine-apples.

gambling with some Sambos and negroes; until, heated with drink and gaming, the party fell to quarrelling, and he was killed that night with a poniard. There was no coroner's inquest held on his body, nor any judicial inquiry made as to what became of his doubloons and dollars.

After a time, we became somewhat reconciled to our carnivorous mode of living; but the privations of our army were often extreme. I recollect once making a long march, in the height of the dry season, across the savanna, near Tabasco. We were dreadfully in want of water, until we approached a clear spring of this necessary element. Impelled by thirst, we hurried towards the water, when, to our vexation, we perceived a party of the enemy making towards the spring in an opposite direction. We had with us a number of women and children; but the passion for drink (for appetite it was not) overcame the fear of death. The women and children rushed before us, while the men prepared for battle. The former approached the spring, while the Spaniards fired on those famishing and defenceless creatures. We returned their compliment. After a few random shots, by which several poor females and two children fell, the ammunition of both parties were expended: we mutually rushed forward, and met at the spring. Here a deadly

struggle took place, in which I mixed, and was fortunate enough to cut down the commanding officer of the Spanish party: yet, while the men fought, the children ran between their legs, and took hasty draughts of water with their little hands. I even observed that some of the Patriots stooped, and, while with their right hands they warded off the blows of the enemy, they employed their left in dipping them in the stream, and moistening their parched lips. At length the enemy, fewer in numbers than we, and, perhaps, less under the influence of unsupportable thirst, were beaten and driven from this *Eseh*, or spring of contention. I was now about to drink, but turned from the water with loathing, on account of its bearing the guilty colour of the late affray; but the women drank, exclaiming, "*Esta dulce con la sangré del enemigo.*"* I relate this anecdote not through a love of the horrible, but because it may give those who love to sit quietly, surrounded by the comforts of happy peaceable England, and read of battles, some idea of the war of independence. The rancorous feelings of the belligerents made it truly a *guerra à muerta*—war to the death.

Our stock of medicines was soon exhausted.

* 'It is sweet with the blood of the enemy.'

This was of less consequence in South America than, perhaps, it would have been in any other country, on account of the abundance of vegetable medicines which that country produces. But little of my attention was taken up as a physician: most of my professional labour was required for the cure of the wounded. Contrary to the practice of most military surgeons, I found the number of gun-shot wounds bore no proportion to those inflicted by steel. This could be accounted for by the scarcity of ammunition to which I before alluded, and which gave this war of extermination a peculiar character.

On one occasion, while I was dressing the wounded at the house of a desolated cocoa estate at Curupano, I remarked that the few gun-shot wounds I was treating turned out much worse than I had reason, from their nature, to anticipate; hence, I began to suspect that the bullets with which those wounds were inflicted, were poisoned. I told my suspicion to a Sambo colonel, who was standing near me. He asked me if I thought the poison used on this occasion was the Indian bane. I replied, I supposed not, because that poison caused death a few minutes after it mingled with the blood; while the poison that I suspected was used, only aggravated the wound, and rendered it more dangerous, although

I could not say how much the effects of the Indian poison might be modified by the heat which the lead acquired in being discharged. On the whole, judging from the appearance of some bullets I had extracted, and wounds I dressed, I judged that it was mineral poison which the enemy used.

"Can you not poison our bullets, señor doctor?" said the Sambo.

I replied, that it was my duty to heal, and not to poison.

"And yet," replied the colonel, "I have seen that you can kill as well as cure. You possess the character of a troublesome fellow to the Cachupins with your pistols. I myself saw you bring down two in one day on the Apuré."

"But, señor," I rejoined, "I acted, in the excitement of battle, as a volunteer and a soldier. I cannot abuse my art as a surgeon — which is one of humanity — by turning poisoner."

The Sambo could not understand my reasoning. He said, that he thought it no worse to destroy an enemy by poison than by steel or gunpowder, after the enemy had set us so bad an example as to have recourse to so dastardly a method. He declared his determination to steep all the balls used by the regiment in curari, or Indian poison. I believe he kept his word.

This Sambo was the famous, and, subsequently, the infamous Castillo, who, many years posterior to this, attempted a counter-revolution in Columbia.

The hatred evinced by the South Americans to priests was surprising, considering they are so superstitious that they lately, in one province, anathematised and excommunicated the mosquitoes; but it was easily accounted for, by recollecting that the priests were all determined and, most of them, sanguinary Royalists. Many of them, not satisfied with preaching against the revolution, took up arms and furiously fought for Ferdinand. Seldom were they known to shew or entreat for mercy to a prisoner; and, on the other hand, when any of those warrior priests fell into the hands of the insurgents, they were butchered without mercy.

An Andalusian Capuchin, called Padre Andres, but better known by the *nom de guerre* of Barba Negro, or Black Beard, used to boast that he was invulnerable to the balls of the insurgents. He, perhaps, believed this himself, and his many and wonderful escapes from battle, and the way he used to expose himself with impunity, impressed many of the insurgents with a belief that he wore a charmed life. He used to wrap his cloak round his arm by way of shield, rush forward

into the lines of the republicans, and, with his heavy *toledo espadin*,* deal death and terror around him. Some thought him the devil; the Royalists thought him a saint. At length, Barba Negro's career was cut short by Schmeder, my German fellow-passenger. Having heard that the priest was invulnerable, he resolved to try the effects of his carabine on him. He sought him long; and, at length, discovered his black beard streaming like a meteor on the troubled air. He took a good aim, and shot the priest through the head.

"The Capuchin," said Schmeder, "could not resist a ball fired from the carabine of a heretic."

Those of the South Americans who heard this, doubted not that he would be damned; but, at the same time, they admitted he was a good shot.

* Spanish sword.

CHAPTER XII.

" Je crus que c'étois *la vièrge de dernières amours*, cette vièrge qu'on envoie au prisonnier de guerre pour enchanter sa tombe; dans cette persuasion je lui dis, en balbutiant, et avec un trouble qui, partant, ne venoit pas de la crainte du bûcher, ' Vièrge, vous êtes digne des premières amours, et vous n'êtes pas faite pour les dernières.' "

Atala, par CHATEAUBRIAND.

FORTUNE now set in full tide against the republicans. Morillo carried every thing before him. Victory after victory crowned his efforts. He had in Columbia alone nine thousand Spaniards, and four thousand native troops, and a vast number of Canary Island men, whose devotion to Ferdinand was boundless. Morillo's rage for extermination was without limit; it increased with his power to do mischief: while the insurgents were disputing and disagreeing amongst themselves, dispirited by repeated disasters, unpaid, badly armed, worse clad, and depending entirely on the wild cattle of the savannas for

food. They had lost all the strong fortresses on the Caribbean Sea, and held possession of nothing but the natural fastnesses of the Oronoco, and the unconquerable island of Margarita, which should be as sacred in the eyes of the South American patriot as Thermopylæ was to the Greeks. Despair alone held the bulk of the army together; but it was the despair of bravery, which preferred death on the battle-field to death on the scaffold. The chiefs were undaunted. The brave Libratador, the indefatigable Paez, the Spartan Arismendi, the skilful Mariño, the daring Sublett, and the furious Monagos, now broke up their regular army, and commenced a system of guerilla warfare, which allowed the Royalists no rest, and which, after many months of hard fighting, ruined their army.

My situation during this guerilla war was any thing but agreeable. As a volunteer, and as a surgeon, I had gained much approbation, but little or no pay. My well-provided chests were at first plundered, and then lost, together with a part of my instruments: the dress I wore was the only one I possessed, save one which I had stripped from the body of a Spanish officer, whom I killed in a skirmish at Rio Carribes. One of these dresses I used occasionally to get

washed by some of the unhappy females who followed the camp, for the poor protection it afforded. Many of these had been educated as ladies, reared in the lap of luxury, and had been the *belles* of Venezuela; for no fault of theirs they were now doomed to be the wretched dependants on our wild army. These poor women willingly performed the most menial offices for any one who would share with them such miserable rations as we obtained. Such was the consequence of the crimes of Spain—crimes, in this respect, unlike those of the first ravagers of the New World, for they were committed in vain.

One night, after a hard day's ride, I arrived at a post far up the Oronoco, which was commanded by one Colonel Penango. Here was a party destined to attack the enemy, who were encamped at the mission of Alta Gracia; but, unfortunately, we had that day captured from the enemy a quantity of fiery Spanish wine, which the colonel injudiciously allowed his troops to drink. The effects of this imprudence soon became visible: several quarrels took place; the colonel interfered, and an Indian, of the tribe called Yaruros, struck him. Had he slain the man on the spot, or had him tried by such courts-martial as were used in the insurgent camp, the matter would have blown over; but, unfortunately, Penango

had seen the way in which the British auxiliaries treated men guilty of insubordination, by appealing to their feelings with the aid of a cat-o'-nine-tails, and was determined to introduce the practice of flogging amongst his partisans; without recollecting that, the naked Indian being two thousand years in civilisation behind the modern English, the former could not appreciate the beneficial effects of the said cat, with its unnatural number of tails. We all know that in the British army flogging is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of its morality and discipline; or, if we know it not, it is not for want of being told; but savages conceive that flogging is fit only for dogs and slaves:* hence the whole of the Yaruros in our camp vowed revenge for the insult offered to one of their tribe. Penango had marched to surprise Boves; but, encamping during his march, Poré, the chief of the Yaruros, sent a message to the Spaniards, informing them of the expedition under Penango, and advising them to attack the insurgents in the night, when the Yaruros would rise on the Patriots, and assist the Spaniards. In pursuance

* The last Maroon war in Jamaica, in 1795–6, which kept, for eighteen months, that island in a state of alarm, and cost one million sterling, arose from flogging two Maroons. Had they been shot, their comrades would not have noticed it.

of this advise, Boves despatched one Colonel Borero, and one hundred and fifty men, to surprise Penango. The Spaniards did not arrive until half-past four in the morning, by which time the Indian traitors had given over all hopes of an attack that night, and were asleep, when the Spaniards shot the sentinel and attacked the Patriots. The Indians rose from their sleep; but, in the confusion and darkness, knew not one person from another: they rushed on the Royalists and insurgents, each fighting the first he met. All was confusion; and it so happened that most of the Patriots effected their escape. More of the Spaniards fell; but of the treacherous Yaruros scarcely one survived the night attack; for the Royalists, observing several of the Indians fight against them, conceived they were betrayed, and turned on the Yaruros, who obtained the reward of their treason. The whole affair was badly conducted by all parties.

But I must relate my share in this transaction. I had, the previous night, arrived in Penango's camp, much fatigued, having that day fairly knocked up two hardy horses, having been three times attacked by skirmishers, and having swam five wide streams, before I tasted any other food than tasajo and some water. I found in the camp plenty of provision, which

had been taken from the Spaniards. I supped very heartily, and drank much more strong wine than I was accustomed to take; but I stopped short of intoxication. I tethered my weary horse under a tree, and, with my hammock, ascended its trunk. Having tied this to two branches, I got in, but in vain essayed to sleep; being hindered therefrom either by excessive fatigue, or by having taken too intemperate a meal, or by both circumstances combined. I passed rather a feverish night. At length I recollected having about my person a small well-secured phial of laudanum, which I was in the habit of carrying with me, in order to drop a very small quantity into the very bad water I was sometimes necessitated to drink in the savannas. I applied to this somniferic, and soon felt its effects: I fell first into an uneasy state of confused dreams, and finally into a heavy sleep; hence, when the camp below was attacked, I knew nothing of the circumstance, although I recollect dreaming of having been in a battle.

The Patriots having at length been driven from the camp, day opened, and the Spaniards were masters of the dear-bought field. One perceived my suspended bed, and pointed me out to his comrades. Instantly a volley of musket-balls came rattling about my leafy chamber.

None hit me, but one cut the cord of my hammock. Down I fell, fortunately feet foremost. I plunged from branch to branch in a state of insensibility, until I alighted on a bearded Spaniard — one of those who had sworn never to shave until Ferdinand was restored to his dominions in Venezuela. This man's neck broke my fall, but my fall broke his neck.

I was stunned with the tumble; and, when I came to my senses, I found myself tightly bound, and in custody of two Catalonian soldiers. They told me not to stir, for my life, until their colonel came. This personage soon approached me: he was a little dark Andalusian. He ordered me to rise; I did so. He looked sternly at me, and asked what rank I held in the insurgent army. I told him.

"I asked," said the Andalusian, "because, ammunition being scarce, his excellency has ordered us to sabre every man below the rank of captain. To those of or above that rank, we give a musket-ball."

"A pretty dilemma I am in!" thought I.

"But," continued the colonel, "General Morillo said nothing about barber-surgeons; and I know not what rank they hold. However, I suppose I must compound matters with you, and

give you a pistol-ball. What would you advise us to do, señor doctor?"

"My advice to you," replied I, "is, that you treat me as all civilised nations treat prisoners of war."

"Modest and disinterested advice this, *camarade;* but what good should we get by following it?"

"Why, colonel, General Bolivar might be induced to treat one of your party, whom the fortune of war may place in his power, after a similar humane manner. Besides this good, you might avoid some evil. I am a British subject; and, should you kill me in cold blood, it might get to the ears of my nation, and induce them to look with little favour on your cause."

"Ferdinand the Beloved cares not for your nation, nor all the nations of the earth united. God gave the New World to Spain, and we will subdue its rebellious sons. Wo betide the king who interferes to aid the rebels! we will hurl him from his throne, as we hurled Napoleon from his usurped seat. But, I must say, I respect the English: they rendered the victorious Spaniards some service in one battle that I saw. This took place at Salamanca."

All this was very modest, considering that at

Salamanca the loss of the Spaniards, in killed, wounded, and missing, was four men, thought I. The little colonel continued,—

"But what right have you to claim consideration as an Englishman, after being taken in the camp of the rebels?"

"Where," added I, "I was exercising my humane profession as a surgeon."

"He who assists insurgents with his skill in medicine equally deserves death with him who aids them in battle. What right had you to join South American rebels, who wish to rob King Ferdinand of his colonies?"

"About the same right that your countrymen had to assist North American rebels, who wished to rob King George of *his* colonies. Your nation, señor, aided the people of the United States to throw off their dependence on Great Britain. During the war in North America many Spaniards were taken by the English, but no one was slaughtered in cold blood."

"Ay," said the Spaniard; "but our king declared open war against yours, and, as always was and ever will be the case, Spain triumphed in war. We liberated the North Americans, and now the ungrateful villains are selling arms and ammunition to the rebels of Venezuela. The North Americans were rebels, until our king

pleased to proclaim them a nation. When that was the case they were no longer insurgents, but became a people, at war with England, and Spain became their allies; so that it was necessary to treat all persons taken on both sides as prisoners of war. But you do not join one people at war with another; you join a parcel of creole banditti, and must pay the forfeit of your own act. I am sure you can have nothing reasonable to urge against my arguments, because I know that I am right, and that you are in the wrong; so there need no more be said about the matter. Here, Francisco, load your pistol. Kneel, Englishman: take this handkerchief as a bandage."

"I can look death in the face, señor, therefore want no bandage. Here are three doubloons I have about me; you may as well have them as another. Will you be pleased to grant me but five minutes for prayer, before I quit this world?"

"The English heretics are always generous," said the Andalusian, looking at the coins; "but I never knew that they prayed before. However, ten minutes shall be yours."

I knelt to pray, and a cold perspiration ran from my forehead. In a moment, all I ever did of good or evil crowded on my memory. My

thoughts, despite myself, wandered from devotion. At one time I looked at the noble scenery by which I was surrounded, and recollected that in a few minutes my mortal eyes would shut on it for ever. I glanced at my own person, and remembered that, in a few hours, it would be festering in the equinoctial sun, the prey of tigers and vultures. At length I ceased altogether to pray, on hearing the following dialogue :—

" Colonel, for the love of the Holy Mother of God, save that Englishman ! "

" Why so, Captain Raymond ?"

" He saved my life."

" How did that happen ? "

Captain Raymond, a creole Royalist, now told the Andalusian that, after a skirmish at Barancos, I found him on the field, wounded and faint from loss of blood ; that I dressed his wound, carried him to a copse which lies beside the village of Barancos and the Oronoco, and there supplied him with a small quantity of provision. After many days' hiding about, he at length rejoined the Royalist army.

" You know," said Borero, " that it is our general's orders to give no quarter ; and, according to the Priest Diego, it is a soldier's duty to obey, should his general order him to commit the seven deadly sins ; because, in that case, the

soul of the general, and not that of his officer, would have to pay for it in purgatory. Nevertheless, it is a pity to shoot so fine a young man, especially after having saved your life. He is as generous as his countrymen usually are: do you know, the poor devil gave me three doubloons immediately after I ordered him to be shot! and what renders this act the more meritorious is this, I never should have thought of having him searched for money. He is not altogether destitute of religion, because he just now asked to be allowed to pray; although he must know that, being a heretic, die when he will he is sure to go to perdition. However, all I can venture to do is to conduct him to the head-quarters of Boves, and leave him for that general's consideration. He may be saved in this world, although he is certain of being damned in the next. You had better interest Padré Salomon and Señoritta Ximines in his behalf, as they are always for saving prisoners. Captain Raymond, I leave this prisoner in your charge, while I go to give orders to Sergeant Perez to search the dead rebels; perhaps they may have doubloons about them as well as this Englishman, and it is necessary for the king's service that I take possession of them."

Saying this, the Andalusian went to speak to his sergeant.

I now rose and grasped the hand of the grateful Raymond, for I fully felt the obligation I owed him for his rescuing me from immediate destruction. When maddened by the excitement of battle, I feared death no more than one might who was conscious he possessed a hundred lives, but no soul; yet, when I was no longer dazzled by the false glory of war, but had calmly to look on the king of terrors, I felt the awful truth,—namely, that I was unfit to die. Through life, I had thought more of conducting myself as a gentleman than as a Christian; I meditated much on the laws of honour, but little on the laws of God.

Several of the Spaniards being wounded, I volunteered to dress them. Both the colonel and Raymond were pleased with my proposition; to aid which, my instruments were found and brought me. Some refused to be dressed by an insurgent, lest I should purposely treat them unskilfully; but, when informed I was an Englishman, they all gladly submitted to my operations, saying, the English were not assassins.

I was nearly two hours professionally employed, and the wounded were carried into three canoes, to be rowed up the Oronoco.

After partaking of a breakfast of aripa (Indian corn bread) and smoked beef, we set out on our march to Alta Gracia. A sergeant was about to tie my hands, when Raymond again interfered, and forbade this, saying he would be responsible for my custody. The colonel said, if I would give my honour not to escape, he would allow me to ride a mule. I acceded to this, but said, that if any attempt was made by the insurgents during our march to rescue me, I would be merely passive; and, if they succeeded in the attempt, and I got back safely to the army of Bolivar, I would procure the liberation of some Royalist prisoner of my own rank.

"I admire your candour," said the colonel; "but, should any attempt be made on us during our march, I will order two of my men to blow out your brains."

With this amicable understanding, we commenced our march. This was conducted in so irregular a manner, that I half regretted giving my honour not to escape; for, even had I been bound, it would have taken less talent than Vidocq possessed to have given my conductors the slip; but when I recollected that, by so doing, I should compromise the grateful Raymond, I thought it infamous to attempt to escape, even had I not given my honour not to do this.

I observed that the Royalist troops were less ragged than the Patriots; but those by which I was surrounded might have served George Cruikshank as studies for Falstaff's regiment, save that they looked rather too *outré*.

After a hot march of three leagues, we came to a halt. All the party, sentinels included, took a regular siesta; in a few minutes they were 'all nodding,' and some snoring. Oh, how I wished for a party to rescue me! but, I suppose, the Patriots, about this hour, were also taking their nap.

About five o'clock we again set out; and, after marching about half-a-mile, we came to a post of the Royalists. Here we crossed to the right bank of the Oronoco in several large canoes; and, after a short march, we arrived at the head-quarters of General Boves, at a mission called Alta Gracia. I was instantly lodged in a large thatched building, which was dignified with the title of Casa del Rey (the king's house.)

I was well secured, by having my right leg and hand chained: these chains were fastened to a thick iron bar, within a foot of the unfloored ground; I, however, was able to stand, sit, or lie down. Scarcely was I fastened before I heard a gruff voice exclaim, "In with you, dog of a Hollander!" and two men dragged in a well-

dressed little man, who, by the twilight, I discovered to be my friend, Moses Fernandez. I was about to utter an exclamation of surprise, when he checked me, by placing his finger on his mouth. I instantly comprehended his sign, and suppressed all appearance of recognition. His looks bespoke deep regret at our respective situations. They placed the Curaçoa man in a pair of stocks at the other end of the hall: they then left us to our meditations or conversation. Moses spoke to me in English, lest we should be overheard.

"Our days," said he, "I fear, are numbered; but do not seem to know me."

He asked me how I came to be taken? I briefly told him my late adventure. He, on his part, informed me that he was captured in a Patriot launch going up the Oronoco.

Our conversation was interrupted by another companion in misfortune being put into the stocks. He was a middle-sized, well-built Frenchman, with a military mien. He had been despatched by Paez with a flag of truce: his mission was to ascertain if I was taken; and, if that were the case, to offer a Spanish major and subaltern in exchange for me; and, at the same time, to threaten that, if any injury were done to me after my capture, the said major and subaltern should lose their heads the next morning, although

neither of theirs might exactly fit my shoulders. The white rag which did duty for the flag of truce had been purposely destroyed by some Indians who waylaid the Frenchman; and the poor officer, instead of being received as an envoy, was treated as a prisoner by an army which gave no quarter. The Spaniards would have butchered him on the spot, but several creole Royalists protested against it, and the Frenchman's fate was referred to General Boves, who was momentarily expected. The fact was, the unfortunate bearer of the flag of truce was a freemason, and he met with several of his craft amongst the Royalists: these were doing what they could in order to get him released.

"*Bon jour, camarades,*" said the Frenchman to us.

We returned his salute.

"We are, I surmise, pretty near our last gasp. I know not how you feel, gentlemen; but, for me, if they give me the death of a soldier, I care not how soon it takes place: life I have not found so happy as to make me dread falling into annihilation. Yes! let bigots, who believe in childish stories of heaven and hell, fear death; we philosophers know it to be a cessation of life, and nothing more. What priests call the soul, my friends, is but the mechanical action of the

brain: this thinking part of the human frame is born with the body, is imbecile with the body during infancy, strengthens with it, decays with it, and, doubtless, perishes with it. Life after death! a pretty story for knavish priests to tell, and credulous fools to believe. I would as lief give credence to one who tells me of the soul of a steam-engine, which, after being broken to pieces, will animate another and more perfect steam-engine!"

Little religion as I possessed, I was shocked with this ill-timed, uncalled-for, and senseless blasphemy. Fernandez seemed to feel as I did; but the present was no time for religious argument, and the Frenchman seemed neither to expect nor desire controversy. He added,—

"I forget, *camarades*, you may be of a different way of thinking: if so, I beg pardon; and, lest my opinion may disturb your devotion, I will bid you good night for the present."

Saying this, he lay down, and in a few minutes was asleep.

Before I could make any remarks on the language of this atheist, we heard the guard turn out to receive the general. He did not enter the Casa del Rey, but stood at the door, in conversation with Padré Salomon, a priest, who had been humanely interceding to save us. The

stern Boves was not to be moved from his sanguinary resolves. We could not see the speakers, although we heard them. Every third word the Spanish general uttered was an obscene oath, with which I need not stain my paper.

"A pretty affair this!" said Boves: "Borero takes the English barber-surgeon, a heretic, forsooth; and yet you, a priest, beg mercy for him! Gomez captures a rascally Curaçoa merchant, who was going to supply the rebels with arms, and brings him all the way here, instead of allowing the alligators of the Oronoco to make food of him; and José Maria catches a Frenchman, a pretended bearer of a flag of truce. Instead of settling these fellows at once, I must be plagued to give orders to have them shot or sabred: but their execution shall take place this night, by the ——"

"Swear not!" interrupted the priest. "Would you destroy their souls? Will you allow me no time to prepare them for a future state? Be it so; their sins be at your door; and on your own immortal soul be the offence of sending three men before their Creator unconfessed!"

"Do you not know that two out of the three are heretics, being a Dutchman and an Englishman?" responded Boves. "However, I will not incur the censure of the church by cutting

them off too suddenly: I'll defer their execution until to-morrow noon. Are you satisfied? Well, satisfied or not, it shall be so. I will go and give orders to Colonel Ximenes about this matter.

We heard the general depart, and the priest tell the sentinel that he was going to confess a dying man, but that, in half-an-hour, he would return to attend to us.

Fernandez and myself exchanged a few melancholy words, and then each commenced praying — Fernandez using the Hebrew language.

"Do, good sentry, let me in," said a silvery voice.

"It is against the general's orders, señoritta," responded the sentinel; "but he is never long angry at any thing you do, for who could be displeased with *la angela de la misericordia* (the angel of mercy)? Go in, *con dios*."

The door now opened, and I discovered a female form, carrying a small silver lamp fed with cocoa-nut oil: this threw a doubtful light into the hall. She went to the stocks, and there perceived the Frenchman asleep. She exclaimed,—

"Holy Virgin! to sleep at such a time!"

She then held the lamp so that it threw its small but clear light on the Jew; but he, absorbed by his devotion, paid no attention to her,

and continued his prayer in a language to her unknown.

"The saints aid you!" she said; "but where is the tall and handsome Englishman they told me of?"

She held up the lamp; and, perceiving where I sat on the floor, crossed over to me, and lowered the lamp in order to see me. By this means I had a full view of her person; and, heavens! what a divine vision I beheld! She seemed

"In form a woman, but in years a child,"

not being more than seventeen: and yet she was taller than the generality of women; while her stature seemed increased in height by a part of her long raven tresses being rolled into a mass, and confined on her head by means of a very large tortoise-shell comb, ornamented with gold and Margarita pearls. These shewed like a coronet, while a part of her glossy tresses hung beside her small ears, and played on her deep bosom. From her comb depended a rich black veil; her dress was of black velvet. She wore a profusion of rich jewels; these could scarcely be said to set off her queenly form and noble features, in which seemed to be united the Castilian traits of romance with the indications of creole benevolence. And I must here observe,

that the feminine beauty of Spain, when transplanted into the New World, seems to flourish with greater loveliness than that of any European nation. Her large black eyebrows surmounted a pair of eyes quicker in their expression than any I ever beheld. Their darkness contrasted strongly with the alabaster whiteness of her pellucid skin; and, when she spoke, she displayed a set of pearly teeth, beautiful beyond any I had ever seen. Her voice was rich and silvery, while a natural and commanding grace accompanied all her movements.

Such was the apparition which stood before me, and which I contemplated by means of the small lamp she held. On any occasion I should have beheld with pleasure this Columbian flower of feminine beauty; but, after having for months seen no other woman but such wo-begone females as followed the insurgent camp to prevent their being massacred, and partook of all the privations and sufferings of a civil war; for me to be visited, in my present situation, by aught so lovely, was unlooked-for happiness. I for some moments believed she was a being from the region of the blessed, who had descended to console my approaching death. Long I gazed at her before I recollected that I was in a sitting posture. I rose; and, as my chains clanked, I gained my

feet. This divine creature still regarded me, at first with deep curiosity, and then I perceived a smile of pleasure steal over her features; at length she uttered the words,—

"Poor fellow! and you, too, must be butchered, to add to the crimes of the sanguinary Boves!"

Instantly her eyes became suffused with tears.

I must now inform the reader that, although I had never before beheld this lovely female, yet I had often heard of Maria Josefa Ximenes, by her well-known appellation of *la angela de la misericordia*. Her cousin, Colonel Ximenes, having been captured by one of Bolivar's parties, he was about to be put to death, in retaliation for an insurgent colonel slain by Morales; when Maria Josefa, with a degree of praiseworthy enthusiasm, clad in all her rich habiliments and jewellery, left the Royalist army, and arrived at the out-posts of the Republicans without accident—for her beauty protected her from insult. At her request, she was conducted to Bolivar, before whom she pleaded so eloquently for the life of her cousin, that the Liberator, who was not stern by nature, but rendered so by circumstances, granted her prayer, on condition that she would endeavour to obtain the liberation of one Colonel Borroteran, a nephew of Bolivar, and his secretary, who was at that moment a pri-

soner in the Royalist camp. This she promised to do, and well kept her word. The ferocious Morales was not to be moved by her eloquence, and the nephew of Bolivar was ordered to be shot; when a great number of creoles in the Royalist camp, thinking themselves slighted, by having their favourite's prayer rejected, began to murmur aloud, and a dangerous mutiny was likely to result from the sternness of Morales. He then found that he had better yield with a good grace than risk a disturbance in his camp; for at this period the cause of Ferdinand looked doubtful.

The colonel was sent to his uncle; and, from that time forth, Maria Josefa, being aware of her influence amongst her compatriots, used it for benevolent purposes. She fearlessly passed between the belligerent camps, and was respected by both parties as a sacred person, even when a priest of eighty years of age would have been molested. Many an unfortunate Royalist and Patriot owed their lives to her intercession, which some of the less sanguinary chiefs of both armies chose to encourage; while, in the Royalist camp, the more cruel officers feared the influence she possessed. She often alleviated the miseries of the wretched women and children who were compelled to follow both camps.

Her endeavours to soften the rigours of this

savage war were so incessant and successful, that both parties called her the angel of mercy. She even made a feminine weakness which she possessed (viz. a love for splendid dress) subservient to her benevolent exertion. As her jewellery threw a dazzle around her person by which she was recognised from afar, the wildest guerilla of Paez knew Maria Josefa, and would as soon think of plundering the gems of his patron saint, as of taking one pearl from the necklace of Señoritta Ximenes; the roughest Llanaro, whose dress was but an old blanket, and whose looks were more savage than those of a naked Indian, would crouch his lance and bow his head with the courtesy of a knight-errant, when he saw the well-designated angel of mercy approach; while the most clownish Biscayan or Catalonian of the Royalist camp would hail her return from the insurgent lines with "*Viva la angela de la misericordia!*"

"Poor fellow! and you, too, must be butchered, although you saved the life of my compadre,* Raymond!" said Maria Josefa.

"So says your general, beautiful senoritta."

"Are you a good Christian?"†

* Gossip. This kind of relationship is more sacred amongst the Spaniards than amongst us.

† *Bueno Christiano*, amongst Spaniards, means a Catholic.

"I hope I am a Christian; but fear I cannot apply to myself the epithet, good. I resemble you, fair lady, too little for that."

"Would you wish a priest to administer to you the last consolation of religion?"

"I am a Lutheran Christian," replied I (for by that designation the less intolerant creoles call Protestants, instead of the more obnoxious word, heretic). I added, "Yet, I believe that the prayers of a worthy priest will do no harm to a doomed man, even should we differ in our modes of worship."

"That is well. We say the English are heretics; yet we know them to be generous, honourable, and humane. If they are not, they ought to be Christians. Padré Salomon will shortly be here. He will attend you and your two companions there; although the one is asleep, and the other seems to pray in a language I never before heard. But would you wish to write, before you die, to your father or your poor mother?"

Here her eyes became again filled with tears. She continued,—

"Ah, little did that mother think, when she pillowed your head on her bosom, that the fair locks* of that head would be stained with your

* Light hair is, in South America, considered most beautiful.

life's gore ere the days of your youth were passed! But I wander. I can procure you pen, ink, and paper, if you desire to write to your parents."

"I have none, sweet señora. My father died in my infancy, and my poor mother left this troublesome world the day I entered it."

"But you have brothers and sisters, caballero Inglese?"

"I have, fair creole; but I would not wish them to know the death that your stern general has doomed me to die to-morrow."

"But have you not," said my interrogatress, lowering her voice, "some lady that loves you, or whom you love? Yes, surely you have, for I see you pause. Send her some love-token, before you quit this world. You know not what to send. Be advised: send her a lock of your fair hair; and, if she be worthy of your love, she will never part with this simple, but natural, dying gift. Here are my scissors. Tell me where the lady of your love lives, and I will endeavour to despatch it to her by the first safe opportunity that I meet with; and, in the mean time, I promise, on the honour of a descendant of a Castilian, to wear the lock in my bosom for security."

"Cut the lock yourself, fair damsel," said I.

She did so; and then said,—

"To whom am I to send it, señor?"

"You promised to wear it in your bosom, señora. Keep your word, and I shall die happy."

"But to whom am I to send it? Who is the lady of your heart?"

"Had I been asked the question but ten minutes ago, I should have replied that I had no lady of my heart; but now I have one, the print of whose feet on the earth I am not worthy to kiss."

"What say you? Is it possible?—I mean, who is this person that, within a few minutes, has conquered your affection?"

"She is called—and rightly denominated—the angel of mercy."

A sudden blush overspread the beautiful features of Maria Josefa. She looked at me with a smile. This soon vanished; and she said,—

"I knew not, señor, you were a Frenchman."

"I am an English creole, lovely demoiselle. What made you suppose I was French?"

"Because we have been in each other's company but ten minutes, and yet you employ your wit in trying to flatter me."

"Flattery, fair one, is the meanest species of falsehood. I am English—therefore, of a nation

not remarkable for flattery. I am a gentleman,* and therefore disdain falsehood. I am a Christian, and, consequently, would shudder at a lie, standing as I do on the brink of eternity. But I declare to you, as an Englishman, a gentleman, and a Christian, that until I beheld you I knew not love; but, since my eyes were blessed with your appearance, I am your unworthy but most passionate lover. I have no object to gain by my avowal, well knowing that the marine Morales† has doomed me to death to-morrow noon. But keep your sweet promise: wear but the lock of hair you have severed from my head in that lovely bosom, and I will die contented; while my last breath shall be employed in invoking blessings on you."

She again blushed, and smiled through her tears. After a pause, she said,—

"I am wrong to listen to an amorous declaration. No, no; Maria Josefa has a more sacred duty to perform than to listen to tales of love. The soft passion accords with happy times. Heaven has made me the instrument of good to others, and I will faithfully fulfil my destiny."

* The word *caballero*, in Spanish America, is understood in a sense exactly as we understand the word gentleman in its noblest signification.

† Morales was a marine sergeant at the battle of Trafalgar.

She again paused; and, pressing her hands to her temples, said, in a tone of soliloquy,—

"Is there no way to save him?"

Her cogitation was disturbed by the noise occasioned by the sentinel of the door presenting arms; and suddenly entered a handsome creole, in the dress of a Spanish colonel. He bore a torch of resinous wood; his face was ornamented and disfigured by black whiskers and mustachios. Yet, notwithstanding these, and a stern military air which he had, his features were so strikingly like those of the lovely Maria Josefa, that they might have been taken for twins. He shot a look of suspicion at me, and a glance of displeasure at his cousin, for such she was.

How keen-sighted is passion! Colonel Ximenes loved Maria Josefa. One would have thought there was nothing in our respective situationsto excite his jealousy; yet his features told me that I caused it. At the same moment, I felt a sudden degree of abhorrence for the handsome Colonel Ximenes. I thought—would I had my good steed and trusty matcheti, and that you were equally well armed and mounted, and we had a clear stage and no favour; I think I could give these fine features of yours a slash, which should injure their beauty. I believe we were not in each other's company above two seconds, before

we hated each other as cordially as though we had been *friends* for twenty years.

A conversation now took place between the cousins, which I shall relate, omitting the says he and says she; to which I have an aversion.

"Maria Josefa here! How is this?"

"Does Colonel Ximenes ask why I am here, when I have victims to snatch from cold-blooded slaughter?"

"True, señoritta, you are called the angel of mercy. To your active humanity I owe my life."

"And to my exertion shall this young gentleman—I mean, these three people, owe their lives."

"Impossible! Our general has sworn ——"

"To continue a butcher. I have heard of his amiable vow. He calculates on exterminating the race of creoles; but let Morillo, Boves, and Morales, not be too elated with their success. Bolivar is beaten, but not subdued; Arismendi has sworn vengeance, and he ever keeps his oaths; while Paez hovers about their army like a fiend of destruction. Sick of this war of death, I have long entreated that it might be conducted with some slight degree of mercy. But I will cease to entreat; I command that the lives of these men be saved!"

"Are you mad, Maria?"

"No, I am sensible — sensible of my power. Let me but utter one word, and every creole in the Royalist camp, who now raises his traitorous arms against his country, will join the Patriots, strike for liberty, and Columbia will be free!"

Here her sweet countenance assumed an air of majesty, and she spoke with the boldness of an inspired prophetess.

"Rash girl! are you weary of life? Speak low, for the love of God!"

"No; I will speak out! It is long since I ceased to fear death. Call in the sentinels, and I will tell them that Spain is tyrannical. Spaniards are blood-hounds; and creoles who aid them are traitors and fools!"

Every limb of Ximenes shook with emotion. He caught his cousin's hands, fell upon his knees, and then said, in a whisper, —

"For the sake of Heaven, for the love of your friends, for the sake of your country, be pacified, Maria. You know not what you do. You will involve us all in ruin. Be patient, and South America shall be free. Your rashness will betray the land of your birth."

Maria replied in a low voice, but which I distinctly heard, being too interested in the conversation to lose a syllable, —

"Be it so. I have long suspected this.

May your plot succeed! But, at all events, that Englishman must be saved. Rather than he should be sacrificed, I will, ere morning dawns, raise three thousand creoles to his rescue. Nay, nay, frown not on that youth. Antonio Ximenes, is this a time, when war is desolating your native land, to think of love or jealousy? Shame! shame!"

"Maria, retire a minute or two. I will think how to rescue this Englishman."

She now passed over to where Fernandez and the Frenchman were confined, and entered into conversation with the former. Meanwhile, the colonel was lost in meditation. The torch he held threw a red glare on his fine features, and enabled me to observe their appearance. They seemed to be strongly agitated; and once or twice he put his hand on his forehead. At length he said,—

"No, no; she saved my life, and I will rescue him, even if he be born to blast my happiness."

He now advanced towards me, and held his torch near my face. Suddenly, his stern look relaxed into wonder: he exclaimed,—

"Is it possible? My old friend! Do you not recollect me?"

I answered in the negative.

He said, " Do you not remember giving me an orange when I was a prisoner?"

I now recollected that, when Ximenes was taken, he was marched many miles, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, until he was nearly perishing with thirst. I happened to have an orange, with which I moistened his parched lips, his own hands being at that time bound. Little did I think, at the moment I performed this act of common humanity, that it would have conduced so much to my advantage. Instantly the colonel's behaviour totally changed.

" Give me your hand!" he cried; " I tender mine in friendship."

" And I accept yours with the same feeling."

Maria Josefa beheld our salute with tears of pleasure; which, when Ximenes observed, his features again became stern. He motioned her to retire. She withdrew a few steps.

" I will," said the colonel, " endeavour to effect your escape. Major Peña wishes to save yonder Frenchman, who, careless of his fate, sleeps soundly. Peña and he belong to some foolish secret society. I will consult with him; but, if I aid your flight, you must promise me, on the well-known faith of your countrymen, to quit South America, and not appear here for four years."

I looked at Maria, and saw, by her countenance, that she wished me to accede to her cousin's proposition. I, therefore, agreed to the proposal, provided that my friend Fernandez, and the Frenchman, should be also allowed to escape. To this stipulation he promised to conform, and said,—

"Now, let me seek Peña and padré Salomon. Maria Josefa, we have not a minute to lose. Is this a time for you to coquette with a man whose life is at stake? Away! call hither to me the Indian, Guiocolo: he can be trusted; he shall guide these three men to English Guiana. At the same time, tell Pedro to procure something for these people to eat and drink—they have need of it: away!"

Maria Josefa did not move off so quickly as her cousin wished. She read in my countenance expressions of doubt, and said to me,—

"Fear not, caballero: Colonel Ximenes is passionate, but not dishonourable; he acts from sudden emotions, but those are never treacherous."

"I believe you," replied I; "no one can be dishonourable whose features resemble yours, fair señora."

"Away!" said the colonel, and handed her to the door. She went: he then said,—

"I have much to prepare, and little time:

let me get you four swift horses, and provisions for your arduous journey."

Saying this, he quitted me.

The latter part of our conference was spoken in suppressed voices; but at one time the passion of Maria Josefa so far got the better of her discretion, that I wonder she was not overheard by the sentinels who were ordered to watch the Casa del Rey. But these people were busily employed, twenty yards from the building, drinking guarapa, smoking rank Virginia cigars, and playing at *monte** for rials, with a small and dirty pack of cards.

I was about to congratulate Fernandez on our prospect of escape, when I heard the gambling sentinels without shout,—

"Welcome, padré Salomon; give us your benediction, and we are all of us sure to win."

Shortly after, the priest entered, and a remarkable scene took place. I, at that time, was not aware what was going on, because I knew not the language used on the occasion; but, subsequently, Fernandez recounted it to me.

As the priest (an old and venerable-looking man) entered, Fernandez was repeating, in Hebrew, from Deuteronomy, chapter iv. verse 4,

* A game of chance.

what the modern Jews conceive to be the foundation-stone of their faith.

" Hear, O Israel! Jehovah is our Lord; Jehovah is One."

When he saw the priest enter, he suddenly stopped in his devotion, lest the padré should discover his religion; for, although he knew that the learning of Spanish priests, in general, is confined to being able to say mass by rote in Latin, which they scarcely understand, yet some few of them are very learned. This was the case with Salomon; he instantly perceived of what religion Fernandez was, and a conversation took place, in that mixed and corrupt Hebrew which is spoken by Jews of the present day.

" What," said the priest, " does a child of Israel do in the camp of Christians?"

Fernandez made no answer, not wishing to confess, although he well knew the priest had discovered it. The latter continued,—

" Proceed with your prayers: fear me not; I will not betray you to the bigoted soldiers, or they will tear you in pieces. I come to you with tidings of mercy."

" When did not a priest of that religion which pretends to believe in the Pentateuch, and yet dares to alter Jehovah's commandments, by

suppressing the second* — when did not such a one talk of mercy; yet when did he ever practise it towards the suffering race of Israel? You know my language; you know my creed. Go to your savage general, tell him that I am the Curaçoa merchant whom Christians name Fernandez, but who is called Masha Ben Simon when summoned to the desk of the synagogue to hear that Law read which Jehovah gave to his chosen people."

"No," replied the priest, "I will not betray you. I pity the errors of the children of Israel, but I will never harm any of them. I am, myself, a descendant of one of the Twelve Tribes."

"Why wearest thou the dress of the Christian priest?"

"Because I am one."

"I hate a Spaniard; I doubly detest a Spanish priest: but, for thee, I at once loathe and despise thee, because thou art an apostate. Be thou cut off, and thy name erased from the book of life!"

As Fernandez said this, he spat on the ground, to shew his contempt.

"I was prepared for all this, when I told thee

* Catholics omit the second commandment, and divide the tenth into two parts.

I was a servant of the Christian altar. I have chosen my creed; remain, if God wills it, by thine. But we lose time. Leagued with Peña, I come to aid your escape, and that of your companions."

"I will not be indebted for my life to an apostate."

"Then remain to be slaughtered, and have thy body devoured by wild beasts and obscene birds, instead of being interred in ground consecrated by an Israelitish rabbi. Hast thou no sons nor daughters, whose descendants, thou vainly hopest, will be the Messiah that thou expectest?"

"I have, like Jephthah, an only daughter, for whose dear sake will I even thankfully accept of life at the hands of one who has forsaken the religion of his fathers."

"Be it so: I forgive your reproaches, and go to aid your escape. Awake your sleeping companion, if you wish to save him. I go to assist Peña and Ximenes in preparing for your flight."

At this instant Maria Josefa entered, followed by an Indian of the Chyma tribe, together with a negro, who bore a small basket of provisions for our repast, and a heavy bunch of keys, the same which confined my chains.

I must inform the reader, that Ximenes had

sent to the sentinels a quantity of rum, which was part of the cargo taken in the launch with Fernandez. What with the spirits and the pack of cards, they neither knew nor cared for what took place in the Casa del Rey.

Maria Josefa saw the priest, but doubted if he was fully acquainted with the plot for effecting our escape. She threw herself on her knees, clasped his, and exclaimed,—

"Father, for the love of all the saints, betray me not; but suffer me to deliver this dear, dear English youth! Oh, do not refuse my prayer; or you will break my heart!"

"Blessings on thee, dearest child!" said the priest, laying his hands on her head; "truly hast thou been called the angel of mercy. Hitherto thou hast saved men for the love of Heaven; but now, poor child, thou urgest thy humane prayer for the love of your handsome Englishman! Nay, blush not, nor droop thy beautiful head: Heaven, in its own good time, will reward thy virtue, and, perhaps, bless thee with thy lover. I go to aid your cousin in his preparations for the flight of these three men. God be with thee!"

The priest now left us: and, while Fernandez awoke the Frenchman, whose name was D'Aubert, and acquainted him with our prospect

of escape, Maria hastily informed me of the means of our flight.

We ate a hurried, but hearty supper, which consisted of Indian corn bread, South American cheese, and turtles' eggs. We drank, between us, a bottle of tolerable sack. All this time, Guiocolo was busy unlocking my chains, and loosing the stocks; while he placed in the middle of the hall a large quantity of palm-leaves, which had been brought into the Casa del Rey to new thatch it. This it was designed to set fire to, in order to cover our retreat, and account for our disappearance. While this preparation was going forward, a more serious task devolved on Peña, Ximenes, and Raymond, who willingly joined in the plot, in order to requite my having saved him at Barancos.

Supper being finished, Guiocolo, after carefully reconnoitring, told us that, by passing a back-door which he opened, we might evade an encounter with the sentinels. We cautiously stole out, accompanied by Maria, and led by the Indian; but we left the faithful negro, named Pedro, to kindle the fire amongst the palm-leaves, about an hour after our flight: this he was punctual in doing.

When we got about six hundred yards from the Casa del Rey, we were challenged by a

drowsy sentinel. We gave the pass-word, of which we were informed, and were allowed to proceed. Twice, after this, were we challenged by sentinels, and with the same result.

Maria Josefa, enveloped in a cloak, leaned on my arm, and accompanied us. As soon as we passed the out-posts of the camp I conversed with my fair preserver.

I will not repeat all that took place between us: let it suffice that, encouraged by her admission that I was not so indifferent as others she had rescued from the Spaniards, I had the cruelty to propose that she should fly with me.

"No," she said; "that would be disgraceful in a daughter of the house of Ximenes, and dishonourable to my cousin Antonio, to whom I have not plighted my faith, but yet I promised never to give my hand to another, until the conclusion of this unhappy war. Here I remain, to fulfil a sacred duty, to which I am vowed; that is, fearlessly to use all my best endeavours in order to soften the rigour of this cruel civil war. My cousin has stipulated that you return not in less than four years. If Heaven at the end of that time should preserve us, and if you really love Maria Josefa Ximenes, you will, doubtless, find her somewhere in Venezuela: if, however, at the end of five years I hear nothing of you, I

go to Cuba, and become the bride of Heaven. Take this ring, dear Englishman: it is of value; but part not with it, unless you should be pressed by necessity."

"Much sooner will I part with my life!"

I kissed her long, slender hand, as she gave me the ring; when, with the frankness of pure and holy innocence, she offered me her cheek. I pressed the trembling girl to my bosom: she wept, prayed for my deliverance, and asked my name. I told it, but regretted that I had no writing-materials whereon to inscribe it.

"Warner Arundell!" said she. "I shall ever remember it—for it is written here. I am wrong, perhaps, so far to encourage an utter stranger; but the Virgin will not, I am sure, suffer poor Maria Josefa to love one unworthy of her affection! No, no, dear heart! your honest features tell me that the Mother of Heaven has not suffered such an affliction to fall on me. But, hold! I had nearly forgotten. Here is a belt in which are sewn twenty-two doubloons: these may serve you, dearest Warner Arundell! But see, Guiocolo and your companions are impatient, and wait; therefore let us part. God bless and restore you to me in happier times!"

We again embraced; and then, by a violent

effort, we separated. I felt as though my heart was torn from my bosom, as she left me and hastily walked towards the camp: and if my companions had not returned and hurried me on, I should have remained for some time rooted to the spot.

We walked forward, at a round pace, for about a mile, when we joined a party of five, consisting of the padré Salomon, Colonel Ximenes, Captain Raymond, Major Peña, and my old friend Colonel Borero, who had captured me that morning; but who, for a small douceur given by Raymond, under pretence of a loan, assisted our escape. Four noble horses, well caparisoned, and partly loaded, but without their bridles, were feeding on a quantity of Indian corn meal.

"Let the horses feed," said Ximenes; "we have still half-an-hour before us ere the Casa Real will be fired by Pedro."

He addressed me apart, while the Frenchman entered into conversation with Peña, and Fernandez talked to the priest, to whom he seemed reconciled.

Ximenes informed me that Guiocolo would, by a circuitous route known to few, conduct me across the immense plains, rivers, forests, and mountains, which lay between us and the River

Essequibo; and that he had made every preparation for the occasion which time and circumstances would admit of. He enumerated all the articles he had supplied us with: these consisted of three horse-pistols; an English fowling-piece; four pounds of powder; a proportionate quantity of shot; a small bladder full of salt; a quantity of tasajo; and four hammocks. In a portmanteau, attached to my saddle, he placed three shirts; he gave us two long knives and an axe; while Guiocolo was furnished with two Indian bows, and a quantity of poisoned arrows. Each horse carried a small bag of Indian corn. After enumerating these, the colonel said,—

"Depart, in God's name, señor Inglese; but I fear you carry away the heart of one who is dearer to me than my own soul. Would that Maria Josefa had never seen you! However, I have promised to aid your escape, and I have kept my word. Have I acted the part of a generous rival?"

I expressed my satisfaction at his honourable conduct.

"Remember," said he, "your promise not to return during four years."

I told him I would not break my word.

We shook each other cordially by the hand;

and, the horses having made an end of their provender, the Indian bridled them. While he was doing this, Colonel Borero stepped up to me, and apologised for not having the three doubloons which I gave him in the morning to return to me, because, he said, he had lost them at monte. He produced a dirty pack of cards, and offered to cut double or quits for the money. How he was to pay if he lost, he did not say; I, however, humoured him, and lost, which I was glad of.

We all took a cordial leave of our deliverers. Even Fernandez said to the priest,—

"The God of Israel bless you! We have chosen different roads; but I hope we shall meet in Paradise."

By this time the Casa Real was fired. Pedro had managed affairs so well, that the house was in full blaze before the fire was discovered. Its combustible materials burned so readily, that we were, as I afterwards learned, supposed to have perished in the flames. The fire illuminated the night-clouds, and the sparks flew in all directions. The church-bell at Alta Gracia rang an alarm, and the drums, fifes, and bugles, called in vain for the soldiers to extinguish the flames.

We heard these notes of alarm; it was our

signal to mount our well-laden and noble horses, and commence our arduous journey—Guiocolo, the Indian, leading the way. Our animals carried us at a tremendous rate. In a few minutes we were out of hearing of the drums, bells, and bugles, of the Royalist camp, and were on our way to Essequibo.

CHAPTER XIII.

—— "To traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river,—man nor brute,
By dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in that wild luxuriant soil;
No signs of travel, none of toil."

BYRON.

ALL night our guide rode before us, at the full speed of our horses, shaping his way by the stars, for road or track over the country there was none. Neither D'Aubert nor Fernandez were first-rate horsemen; but the fear of death is an excellent riding-master. It was about midnight when we started, and, as day opened, we were, as I calculate, about fifty miles from Alta Gracia, when Guiocolo drew up his horse: we did the same. He advised us to dismount, as the animals were completely blown. Down we got, leading the horses, to cool them, but walking as fast as we could on our journey. We walked about four miles, when we came to a broad but not deep

fear a death which is the better?

stream. I saw the propriety of the Indian's advice. The animals were now cooled, and could cross the river without injury. Guiocolo told us to allow them to drink: we did so. The stream was not out of the horses' depth. On the other side of the river the Indian gave them a greater quantity of corn than I conceived was prudent; but he said the horses were heavily laden, and could better carry corn in their bellies than on their backs. I do not think the admirers of the English turf will agree to this mode of feeding; but it occasioned no apparent inconvenience. We drank some water while the horses fed, and each ate a small piece of aripa.

Again we mounted. At first we walked; we then gradually increased our pace to a quick gallop, which we continued till about noon, when we came to a thick forest, the branches of which hung too low to allow us to ride. We dismounted, and walked for about half-an-hour, when we came to a pool of not the clearest water. Here we bathed, and fed ourselves and our horses. About three P. M. we again set out, riding across a steep range of hills, until about eight at night, when we came to the borders of savanna land, through which ran a stream. Our careful Indian now tethered our horses with lazoes; and we suspended our hammocks to low

savanna trees, and slept in open air. We took the precaution of making a good fire to frighten away tigers and pumas, as well as to keep the horses near us, in case any of them got loose; for those animals will keep instinctively near the fire. So fatigued were we, that we all slept soundly; but, every subsequent night of our journey, one always watched while the others slept.

We enjoyed undisturbed repose for about eight hours; and, as day opened, we were awoke by the notes of the pouie, or South American turkey. Again were our horses fed with grain, and watered. While the animals were eating, Guiocolo brought down with his bow a large pouie: off this we made a hasty breakfast; and, notwithstanding that it was killed with a poisoned arrow, it tasted deliciously. We perceived a very fine tiger; but, on our shouting, he decamped, running with surprising grace. The symmetry and beauty of these animals are astonishing. Those who only behold them pent up in cages can form no conception of their elegance of form and colour. However, as they are apt to give travellers rather ugly scratches in the great savannas, they, after all, are better seen in the Zoological Gardens than met with in the plains of South America.

The Columbians say the jaguar, or tiger, mixes with the puma (South American lion), and produces an extremely ferocious mongrel. I doubt this, but record it as a mere report, which, however, is currently believed.

We rode until about noon, when some cocoanut trees, planted in rows, informed us that we were approaching a *hato,* or breeding farm. The Indian threw off all his light clothing, save a *guiacou*, in order to look like one of the unreclaimed savages. This he did to approach the hato and reconnoitre, lest we might meet with enemies at the farm. He returned in a few minutes, telling us we might safely approach, as there were not people enough to attack us. The war had left but three boys and one woman in the place.

We walked our horses to the large unfinished house of the hato. The poor woman who possessed it was much alarmed at our appearance. We soon found means of quieting her fears: this done, her joy and hospitality seemed to know no bounds. She gave us an excellent meal, replenished our supply of aripa, Indian corn, and tasajo; she gave our horses, what is very common on hatoes, a pail of milk each with aripa broken up in it. This is an excellent mode of

feeding cattle intended for a long journey; but I do not expect it will be practised in England.

The old woman pressed us to stay that day. To this we consented, it being the last house we expected to enter, save two days' journey on, where was a mission under Padré Rodrigo, an Andalusian Capuchin.

What a beautiful place is a South American hato! with its flocks of wild dark-bay horses, each squadron led by its captain; its immense droves of horned cattle; its general appearance of plenty, content, and, I had almost said, happiness: but happiness is not merely the absence of misery; it is a positive, not a negative enjoyment. Man was not made to live in the wild seclusion of a South American hato; the inhabitant of which, having little to think of, seemed to think of nothing. The poor woman who owned the place appeared scarcely able to command sufficient words, in her native language, to express her limited ideas. She, however, was most kind to us. We offered her money, some of which I possessed, thanks to the generosity of my angel of mercy; but the woman would accept of none. She, however, was most thankful for five or six charges of powder, which we gave her. She thought herself overpaid.

The next day we set out rather overloaded with presents, from the hato; but, conceiving ourselves beyond danger, we went on at leisure. We journied a great part of the day across a savanna, without coming to a drop of water for the horses, and had nothing to drink ourselves but guarapa, which we took from the hato. Towards evening we came to a wood, which, like most of those in South America, abounded in the wild pines which adhere to branches of trees. Each of these contain, in the driest season, a quantity of pure and cool water. With some labour, we collected a sufficient quantity for our horses, and crossed the wood. At the edge of this, we erected an ajupa, lit a fire, and slept in our hammocks during the night; each watching about two hours in his turn, while the rest slept. D'Aubert had a pinchbeck watch, which served us to divide the night. This kept pretty regular time, as it *only* lost about a quarter of an hour out of every twenty-four; but we easily regulated it. The Indian guessed the time, pretty accurately, by the stars.

We started at daylight the next morning, for our abundance of provisions obviated the necessity of our looking out for game. After a somewhat fatiguing ride, we, in the evening, came to a mission of the Pariagotoe Indians, under the

direction of the Capuchin before mentioned. On stating what was truth, in one sense, that we came from the camp of the Royalists, we were kindly treated. The Indian alcalde, or chief officer, received us in great state, and turned out a whole regiment of naked Indians to escort us to the Casa del Rey, a kind of caravansary. They provided a tolerable repast for us and our horses. The Indian magistrate behaved with great state and munificence, because D'Aubert gave him the brass seal which was attached to his watch. Our horses were well fed, and we slept soundly, after having paid our respects to the padré.

The next morning we viewed the mission, which seemed an earthly Paradise. It was situated on the banks of a beautiful stream, which was flung from a rock about six hundred feet in height. This cascade looked like a falling stream of molten silver. The land about the mission was extremely fertile; the houses, although formed of slight materials, were built with regularity; all the necessaries of life, and many of its luxuries, were abundant. The old padré was in his eighty-seventh year. Poor man, his extraordinarily long sojourn amongst the Indians had nearly extinguished his mental faculties. Although he was still able to attend to the old

routine of his clerical duties, he was absolutely ignorant of the war which was desolating a part of the very province in which he lived. Some of the Indians told him of this; but he would not believe that the people of South America could ever be so impious as to talk seriously of warring on the King of Spain. We, of course, did not broach the subject: it was quite enough for him to know that we were on our journey across Spanish Guiana to Essequibo. He seemed not to like to talk of the news of the day, but asked us if it was true that the French had decapitated Louis the Sixteenth? On our answering in the affirmative, he said,—"Holy Virgin! what will they do next?"

It being one of the numerous *fêtes* of the Spanish calendar, the naked alcalde requested that we would stop and spend the day at the mission. We hesitated at this; but, at the particular request of Fernandez, we remained. I thought I observed that he seemed more devout that day than any other.

We exchanged a few charges of powder and shot for as many turtle-eggs, prepared in a mass, smoked deer, dried fish, and cassada bread, as we could conveniently take with us; and the alcalde ordered four Indians to carry a part of our luggage over a mountain which we had to

cross, but which could not be ridden over. The second morning after our arrival, we mounted our horses and set forward at a walk, with four Indians on foot. We did not halt until we reached the foot of a steep and rocky mountain, which the Pariagotoe Indians called Guiago. After partaking of a temperate meal, and watering our horses, we commenced climbing this steep ascent on foot, the Indians leading our horses. We were soon out of breath, and were forced to pause and hold on by branches of dwarf trees, which sent their roots into the crevices of the rocks, and appeared to vegetate with very little assistance from the earth. All the rest of the day, and long after the sun had set, we continued our toilsome ascent. About nine at night we arrived at a place where the horses could "stand at ease," and where we found the remains of an Indian hut. Here we slung our hammocks, and, worn with fatigue, we slept soundly; but, towards morning, we found the weather so cold, owing to our elevated situation, that we were constrained to warm ourselves at the fire which, as usual, was lighted to keep off tigers, as they abounded in these mountains.

At daylight we commenced our descent. This was less fatiguing, but far more dangerous, than our ascent. Repeatedly we slung ourselves,

by branches of dwarf trees, down rocks and across chasms. How the animals passed these obstacles is astonishing, but they had the agility and security of foot of goats. We crossed a small stream of water, in which we bathed the horses; and which, we were told, became one of the many mighty tributary rivers of the Oronoco. We rested on the borders of this stream during the night, and the next day came to a most magnificent savanna, but one that was only inhabited by pumas, tigers, serpents, and wandering Indians, equally wild. Here our pedestrian fellow-travellers proposed to leave us, but Guiocolo entreated them to proceed as far as a grove and stream which lay about three leagues and a half further, where we intended to encamp, as he much feared being attacked by Caraibes. The Pariagotoes demurred at this, until I offered them ten charges of powder to come with us. This munificent offer they could not resist. We mounted our horses, and the Indians bounded forward with such activity that they kept our animals in a smart trot. Of course, we soon arrived at this grove, but the horses would not enter it: they all smelt the air, laid their ears back, bounded in all directions, but no efforts of ours could make them advance.

"There must be a tiger there," said Guiocolo.

Instantly the Indians threw off their *guias*,

and each fitted an arrow to his bow and advanced. I left my horse in charge of D'Aubert; and, having loaded my fowling-piece, proceeded with them. As we entered the grove, a deep growl told us we were near our quarry. A large and lank tigress appeared, with a cub in her mouth. One of the Indians shot his arrow and wounded her; two others missed; and Guiocolo struck her in the back with a poisoned arrow: but still she was making off. I took aim, and sent a bullet right into her brain: this finished her career. On looking round, we found the cub she carried, as a cat carries her kittens, and another: these appeared scarcely two days old. The fear of losing her young hindered her flight, and cost her her life. The Indians said they would endeavour to keep the little creatures alive, and bring them to the mission as a present to the padré. The tigress must have lately struck down a deer, for the greater part of its carcass we found near her. It had been killed within an hour or two, so that we dressed and ate it. The Indians preferred the tigress, which, they said, was better food. Strange to say, they preferred the flesh of the jaguar to beef or venison. It grieved Fernandez to partake of food not slaughtered after his own manner; however, he had but the choice of eating it or starving.

We made our ajupa that night in the grove: the next morning we parted with the Pariagotoe Indians.

We fed our horses well; for a clear ride of one hundred miles lay before us, through a country inhabited by wild tribes. We started about seven o'clock, according to D'Aubert's pinchbeck chronometer. We rode all that day, and half the night, ere we came to a place where we could conveniently bait our horses. When we did arrive, we had difficulty in keeping the animals from drinking too much.

Unfortunately, we had no kind of instruments with us, so as to enable our taking any kind of observation: we had not even a compass. This I regret the more, because the most fertile and noble country lying between the Upper Orinoco and the Essequibo is entirely a *terra incognita*. Pretended maps of it exist, but, to my own knowledge, they are most inaccurate — placing mountains, rivers, and lakes, where plains only exist; and *vice versâ*.

Our route was circuitous and wandering in the extreme; sometimes we went for two days without advancing as many miles. This was occasioned by some inaccessible mountain or other obstacle lying across our path: hence, the actual distance we went was very disproportionate to

the progress we made in a direct line. Often we took immense circuits in order to avoid hostile and savage Indians, of whom Guiocolo stood in great dread; for this man, although faithful to his undertaking in an extraordinary degree, and courageous when opposed to animals, was, I suspect, cowardly when encountering men. His timidity, I surmise, cost us many a day's journey.

The sixth day after we left the mission, our Indian guide advised a halt, as our horses wanted rest—telling us, that about five leagues onward lay a river, which he called the Matagatoe.* Fernandez dissented from the opinion of Guiocolo; and said that, although our animals were weary, we were not, and advised us to dismount and lead our horses. I was astonished at this, because Fernandez was the oldest of the party; in fact, he had long passed the prime of life. We, however, agreed to follow his advice; and, after a long and tedious walk, we came to the banks of a noble river. Here we rested, previous to our crossing it. Scarcely had we time to repose, ere the Indian regarded the stream with some alarm, and said we must cross instantly, or we should be detained for several days. The fact was, he

* Every Indian tribe calls rivers, mountains, &c. by a different name.

noticed, by the visible rising of the river, that a flood of rain must have fallen in the mountains, and that the banks would be soon overflowed; in which case, we might be detained for weeks before we could cross it—for we now might daily expect the rainy season. It was fortunate that we had followed the advice of Fernandez in not halting, as the Indian proposed, although he did not foresee the result of his good counsel. We crossed the river, swimming our horses, and holding on by their manes. So strong was the current setting in, that we were carried down the stream nearly half-a-league before we were able to cross it; and then, with great difficulty, we mounted the steep bank. Almost all the rivers of South America have a shallow bank on one side, and an abrupt one on the other.

We erected our leafy tent on the banks of the Matagatoe before sunset; and the next day, men, as well as horses, were so completely fatigued, that we were constrained to halt. We could not do this in a better situation. We had wood, water, forage, fish, and venison, at our command; and such abundance of the terekay, or small river turtle, and its delicious eggs, at our very feet, that it would be worth while for a London alderman to take a journey to the river Matagatoe for the purpose of enjoying it: but (shocking to

relate!) we were obliged to broil all we ate, having no cooking utensils.

The first evening after we passed the Matagatoe, I observed that Fernandez became more than usually devout. This I at first attributed to his being thankful for having safely crossed the river, as he could not swim; but, although I could not understand the language in which he prayed, for this he always did audibly, yet I thought I could distinguish the word Sabbath in Hebrew. It now struck me that it was the eve of the Jewish Sabbath. This at once accounted for his anxiety to rest the last week at the mission, and to push on this day, in order that he might rest on the morrow. When he had finished his devotion, I questioned him on this subject, and I found my conjecture correct.

When I recollected that for months I had never known one day from another since I joined the insurgents, nor the days of the week, I stood rebuked in the presence of the pious Jew. I told him so, and praised him for recollecting, amid all his toil and wanderings, the ordinances of his religion.

"Why," said he, "Warner, should we forget the service of God? Has He forgotten us, when, in six days, He created this globe; the sun, that animates all nature; the moon, whose silvery

light now glitters on the swelling river; the stars, which gem yon blue vault? When He had breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of our first parents, whom he created after his own image, He rested the seventh day, and consecrated it. The river *Sabathjon*, therefore, flows during six days, and, on the seventh, its waters are stationary; the very damned in hell have rest on the Sabbath. Why, amid this desert, the dwelling-place of the tiger and the cannibal, should we forget our Creator, seeing He abandons us not? When I repose beneath our wretched ajupa, I close my eyes in sleep with the full assurance that the archangel Michael stands at my right hand; at my left watches Gabriel; Raphael and Uriel are stationed at my feet; while, above me, hovers the spirit of the living God. This yon poor atheist would call the dream of enthusiasm; but it is a dream I would not like to be awoke from. Kneel, young man; praise the God you worship, for His having delivered you. Kneel, Warner, and supplicate a blessing on the head of one whose name I often hear you murmur in your sleep; implore a benediction on Maria Josefa, the angel of mercy. I like not the appellation of angel to be given to a mortal; but, if ever daughter of Eve deserves it, she does.

Doubt not, you will meet again in happy times, when the maiden shall be as a crown unto you."

For the first time for some years I shed a devout tear: I knelt, and prayed fervently. D'Aubert knew not what Fernandez said to me; for he understood scarce a syllable of English, in which language we conversed. It is singular, that of four persons thus brought by chance together, one was a Jew; the other, although baptised, was a mere heathen; another was, or pretended to be, an atheist; and, finally, I was an unworthy Christian.

"Warner," said Fernandez to me the next evening, "I think I shall convert you to Christianity, although a Jew myself. Be advised: let us not proceed to-morrow, but keep *your* Sabbath. We are here surrounded by rude abundance, and the horses will be better for another day's rest. Remain here to-morrow, and I will collect tortoises and eggs, and stand cook for the party."

I mentioned this to D'Aubert, and he consented to remain. He cared not for religion, but was too polite to ridicule it before Fernandez and myself. He amused himself in shooting, and singing little French songs.

Previous to this remarkable journey across Guiana, Fernandez was a martyr to gout and

rheumatism: but the exertion he was obliged to use, and to which he cheerfully submitted; the rude fare he was necessitated to partake of; the frequent immersions he underwent; and his sleeping continually with no other shelter than an ajupa,—which is merely a few leaves to keep off the dew,—all combined to cure him completely of his chronic diseases.

Twenty-five days after we left Alta Gracia, we came to an encampment of comparatively civilised Caraibes, called Buck Indians: they spoke no Spanish, but a little broken English. These conducted us to a muddy-looking, partly natural and partly artificial, canal, which leads to the Essequibo. We agreed to give our pistols and the remains of our powder to them, if they would convey us to the British settlements. This they consented to do; and we embarked in a large canoe, having given our horses and fowling-piece to the faithful guide, Guiocolo, who, I afterwards learnt, disposed of the fine animals for a trifle, and returned by himself to Alta Gracia.

During the journey I was by far the most active of the party, not excepting the Indian; but the confinement in a canoe for several days in a cramped posture, together with the miasma from the swamps of old Dutch (now British) Guiana,

conjoined to give me a very bad intermittent fever.' This increased in violence until we arrived at Essequibo. I hailed with joy the appearance of the British flag.

A boat, with several officers, came alongside of our canoe. These gentlemen were astonished at our wild appearance. This was scarcely to be wondered at. Our clothes hung together in tatters; our toes were peeping through our shoes as though they were looking out for fresh lodgings; our hair had not had the benefit of a comb for some weeks; and we had each a month's beard on our faces. On Fernandez informing the officers that we had escaped from the Royalists, and had journeyed from Alta Gracia, they behaved most humanely to us. These gentlemen had come in a brig, on what is called a maroon party, *i. e.* a party of pleasure. They sent for a boat, and had us removed on board the brig. Each underwent shaving from the hands of a military barber. After this, the kind officers had a meeting, and each agreed to furnish us with some articles of clothing; hence, we were enabled to enjoy the luxury of clean linen, and appear on deck in decent attire.

A military surgeon being of the party, I requested his advice as to my malady; he immedi-

ately ordered me into a berth, and gave me a glass of hot sangaree. In short, we were most kindly entertained by these gentlemen; and, the next day, we safely landed in the town of St. George's, Demerara.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON: — PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

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